

# JOHNNIE COURTEAU

# WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

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By the Author of "THE HABITANT"

BY WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

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**The Habitant, and other French-Canadian Poems.** Illustrated by Frederick Simpson Coburn. Library edition. 8° . . .  
*Large-paper edition*, with 13 full-page photogravures. 8° . . . . .

"Dr. Drummond has managed to move us to tears, as well as laughter. He has evidently a minute knowledge of, and kindly sympathy with, the simple country folk of the Dominion. As a whole, the book is a most delightful one."—*London Spectator*.

**Johnnie Courteau, and other Poems.** Illustrated by Frederick S. Coburn.

*Popular edition.* 8°. Illustrated, . .

*Large-paper edition.* 8°. With 17 photogravure illustrations and text cuts, . . .

**Phil-o-rum's Canoe and Madeleine Vercheres.** Two Poems. With photogravure illustrations from designs by Frederick Simpson Coburn. 8° . . . . .

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G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

NEW YORK AND LONDON

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The Curé of Calumette.

JOHNNIE  
COURTEAU

: : : : : AND  
OTHER POEMS

By William Henry  
Drummond

Author of "The Habitant," etc.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY  
Frederick Simpson Coburn

New York and London  
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1901

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BY  
WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

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DEDICATED TO

HON. PETER WHITE, A.M.

MARQUETTE, MICHIGAN

"The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,  
The best condition'd and unwearied spirit  
In doing courtesies."

*Merchant of Venice.*

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Remember when these tales you read  
Of rude but honest "Canayen,"  
That Joliet, La Verandrye,  
La Salle, Marquette, and Hennepin  
Were all true "Canayen" themselves—  
And in their veins the same red stream :  
The conquering blood of Normandie  
Flowed strong, and gave America  
Coureurs de bois and voyageurs  
Whose trail extends from sea to sea !



# Johnnie Courteau





## Johnnie Courteau

JOHNNIE Courteau of de mountain  
Johnnie Courteau of de hill  
Dat was de boy can shoot de gun  
Dat was de boy can jomp an' run  
An' it 's not very offen you ketch heem still  
Johnnie Courteau!

Ax dem along de reever  
Ax dem along de shore  
Who was de mos' bes' fightin' man  
From Managance to Shaw-in-i-gan ?  
De place w'ere de great beeg rapide roar,  
Johnnie Courteau!

Sam' t'ing on ev'ry shaintee  
Up on de Mekinac  
Who was de man can walk de log,  
W'en w'ole of de reever she 's black wit' fog  
An' carry de beeges' load on hees back ?  
Johnnie Courteau!

On de rapide you want to see heem  
If de raf' she 's swingin' roun'

An' he 's yellin' " Hooraw Bateese! good man! "

W'y de oar come double on hees han'

W'en he 's makin' dat raf' go flyin' down

Johnnie Courteau!

An' Tête de Boule chief can tole you

De feller w'at save hees life

W'en beeg moose ketch heem up a tree

Who 's shootin' dat moose on de head, sapree!

An' den run off wit' hees Injun wife ?

Johnnie Courteau!

An' he only have pike pole wit' heem

On Lac a la Tortue

W'en he meet de bear comin' down de hill

But de bear very soon is get hees fill!

An' he sole dat skin for ten dollar too,

Johnnie Courteau!

Oh he never was scare for not'ing

Lak de ole courreurs de bois,

But w'en he 's gettin' hees winter pay

De bes' t'ing sure is kip out de way

For he 's goin' right off on de Hip Hooraw!

Johnnie Courteau!

Den pullin' hees sash aroun' heem

He dance on hees botte sauvage

An' shout " All aboar' if you want to fight! "

Wall! you never can see de finer sight  
W'en he go lak dat on de w'ole village!  
Johnnie Courteau!

But Johnnie Courteau get marry  
On Philomene Beaurepaire  
She 's nice leetle girl was run de school  
On w'at you call Parish of Sainte Ursule  
An' he see her off on de pique-nique dere  
Johnnie Courteau!

Den somet'ing come over Johnnie  
W'en he marry on Philomene  
For he stay on de farm de w'ole year roun'  
He chop de wood an' he plough de groun'  
An' he 's quieter feller was never seen,  
Johnnie Courteau!

An' ev'ry wan feel astonish  
From La Tuque to Shaw-in-i-gan  
W'en dey hear de news was goin' aroun'  
Along on de reever up an' down  
How wan leetle woman boss dat beeg man  
Johnnie Courteau!

He never come out on de evening  
No matter de hard we try  
'Cos he stay on de kitchen an' sing hees song  
“ A la claire fontaine,  
M'en allant promener,  
J'ai trouvé l'eau si belle

Que je m'y suis baigner!  
 Lui y'a longtemps que je t'aime  
 Jamais je ne t'oublierai."

Rockin' de cradle de w'ole night long  
 Till baby 's asleep on de sweet bimeby

Johnnie Courteau!

An' de house, wall! I wish you see it  
 De place she 's so nice an' clean  
 Mus' wipe your foot on de outside door,  
 You 're dead man sure if you spit on de floor,  
 An' he never say not'ing on Philomene,

Johnnie Courteau!

An' Philomene watch de monee  
 An' put it all safe away  
 On very good place; I dunno w'ere  
 But anyhow nobody see it dere  
 So she 's buyin' new farm de noder day

MADAME Courteau!





## The Corduroy Road

**D**E corduroy road go bompety bomp,  
De corduroy road go jompety jomp,  
An' he 's takin' beeg chances upset hees load  
De horse dat 'll trot on de corduroy road.

Of course it 's purty rough, but it's handy  
t'ing enough  
An' dey mak' it wit' de log all jine togeder  
W'en dey strek de swampy groun' w'ere de  
water hang aroun'  
Or passin' by some tough ole beaver medder.

But it 's not macadamize, so if you 're only  
wise  
You will tak' your tam an' never min' de  
worry  
For de corduroy is bad, an' will mak' you  
plaintee mad  
By de way de buggy jomp, in case you hurry.

An' I 'm sure you don't expec' leetle Victorine  
 Leveque  
 She was knowin' moche at all about dem  
 places,  
 'Cos she 's never dere before, till young Zeph-  
 irin Madore  
 He was takin' her away for see de races.

O, I wish you see her den, dat 's before she  
 marry, w'en  
 She 's de fines' on de lan' but no use talkin'  
 I can bet you w'at you lak, if you meet her  
 you look back  
 Jus' to watch de fancy way dat girl is walkin'.

Yass de leetle Victorine was de nices' girl be-  
 tween  
 De town of Yamachiche an' Maskinongé,  
 But she 's stuck up an' she 's proud, an' you 'll  
 never count de crowd  
 Of de boy she geev' it w'at dey call de congé.

Ah! de moder spoil her sure, for even Joe  
 D'Amour  
 W'en he 's ready nearly ev'ry t'ing to geev  
 her  
 If she mak' de mariée, only say, " please go  
 away "  
 An' he 's riches habitant along de reever.

Zephirin he try it too, an' he 's workin' some-  
t'ing new

For he 's makin' de ole woman many presen'  
Prize package on de train, umbrella for de rain  
But she 's grompy all de tam, an' never  
pleasan'.

Wall, w'en he ax Ma-dame tak' de girl away  
dat tam

See dem races on Sorel wit' all de trotter  
De moder say " All right if you bring her  
home to-night

Before de cow 's milk, I let her go, ma  
daughter."

So Victorine she go wit' Zephirin her beau  
On de yankee buggy mak' it on St. Bruno  
An' w'en dey pass hotel on de middle of Sorel  
Dey 're puttin' on de beeges' style dat you  
know.

Wall! dey got some good horse dere, but  
Zephirin don't care

He 's back it up hees own paroisse, ba golly,  
An' he mak' it t'ree doll-arre w'en Maskinongé  
Star

On de two mile heat was beatin' Sorel Molly.

Victorine don't min' at all, till de " free for  
all " dey call

Dat 's de las' race dey was run before de snow fly  
Den she say " I t'ink de cow mus' be gettin'  
home soon now

An' you know it 's only clock ole woman go by.

An' if we 're comin' late w'en de cow pass on  
de gate

You 'll be sorry if you hear de way she talk  
dere,

So w'en I see de race on Sorel or any place  
Affer dis, you may be sure I got to walk dere."

Den he laugh dat Zephirin, an' he say " Your  
poor mama

I know de pile she t'ink about her daughter  
So we 'll tak' de short road back on de cor-  
duroy race track

Don't matter if we got to sweem de water."

No wonder he is smile till you hear heem half  
a mile

For dat morning he was tole hees leetle broder  
Let de cattle out de gate, so he know it 's  
party late

By de tam dem cow was findin' out each oder.

So along de corduroy de young girl an' de boy  
Dey was kipin' up a joggin' nice an' steady

It is n't heavy load, an' Guillaume he know de road  
For many tam he 's been dat way already.

But de girl she fin' it slow, so she ax de boy  
to go  
Somet'ing better dan a mile on fifteen minute  
An' he 's touch heen: up Guillaume; so dat  
horse he lay for home  
An' de nex' t'ing Victorine she know she 's  
in it.

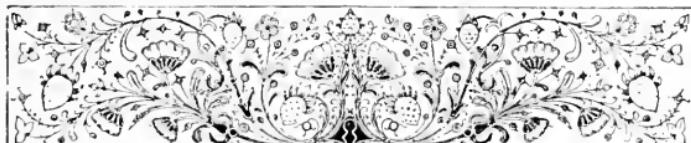
“ O, pull him in,” she yell, “ for even on Sorel  
I am sure I never see de quicker racer,”  
But it 's leetle bit too late, for de horse is get  
hees gait  
An' de worse of all ba gosh! Guillaume 's a  
pacer.

See hees tail upon de air, no wonder she was  
scare  
But she hang on lak de winter on T'ree  
Reever.  
Cryin' out—“ please hol' me tight, or I 'm  
comin' dead to-night  
An' ma poor ole moder dear, I got to leave  
her.”

Wit' her arm aroun' hees wais'; she was doin'  
it in case  
She bus' her head, or keel herse'f, it 's not so  
easy sayin'  
Dey was comin' on de jomp t'roo dat dam ole  
beaver swamp  
An' meet de crowd is lookin' for dem cow was  
go a-strayin'.

Den she 's cryin', Victorine, for she 's knowin'  
w'at it mean  
De parish dey was talkin' firse chances dey be  
gettin',  
But no sooner dat young man stop de horse,  
he tak' her han'  
An' w'isper "never min', ma chere, won't do  
no good a-frettin'."

Non! she is n't cryin' long, for he tole her it  
was wrong  
She 's sure he save her life too, or she was  
moché mistaken,  
An' de ole Ma-dame Leveque also kiss heem  
on de neck  
An' quickly affer dat Hooraw! de man an' wife  
dey 're makin'.



## The Curé of Calumette

[The Curé of a French Canadian parish, when summoned to the bedside of a dying member of his flock, always carries in his buggy or sleigh a bell. This bell serves two purposes: first, it has the effect of clearing a way for the passage of the good priest's vehicle, and, secondly, it calls to prayer those of the faithful who are within hearing of its solemn tones.]

DERE 'S no voyageur on de reever never  
run hees canoe d'ecorce  
T'roo de roar an' de rush of de rapide, w'ere it  
    jump lak a beeg w'ite horse,  
Dere 's no hunter man on de prairie, never  
    wear w'at you call racquette  
Can beat leetle Fader O'Hara, de Curé of  
    Calumette.

Hees fader is full-blooded Irish, an' hees moder  
    is pure Canayenne,  
Not often dat stock go togedder, but she 's  
    fine combination ma frien'

For de Irish he 's full of de devil, an' de French  
 dey got savoir faire,  
 Dat 's mak' it de very good balance an' tak'  
 you mos' ev'ry w'ere.

But dere 's wan t'ing de Curé wont stan' it;  
 mak' fun on de Irlandais  
 An' of course on de French we say not'ing,  
 'cos de parish she 's all Canayen,  
 Den you see on account of de moder, he can't  
 spik hese'f very moche,  
 So de ole joke she 's all out of fashion, an' wan  
 of dem t'ing we don't touch.

Wall! wan of dat kin' is de Curé, but w'en he  
 be comin' our place  
 De peop' on de parish all w'isper, " How  
 young he was look on hees face;  
 Too bad if de wedder she keel heem de firse  
 tam he got leetle wet,  
 An' de Bishop might sen' beeger Curé, for it 's  
 purty tough place, Calumette! "

Ha! ha! how I wish I was dere, me, w'en he  
 go on de mission call  
 On de shaintee camp way up de reever, drivin'  
 hees own cariole,

An' he meet blaggar' feller been drinkin', jus'  
enough mak' heem ack lak fou,  
Joe Vadeboncoeur, dey was call heem, an' he 's  
party beeg feller too!

Mebbe Joe he don't know it 's de Curé, so he 's  
hollerin', " Get out de way,  
If you don't geev me whole of de roadside,  
sapree! you go off on de sleigh."  
But de Curé he never say not'ing, jus' poule  
on de line leetle bit,  
An' w'en Joe try for kip heem hees promise,  
hees nose it get badly hit.

Maudit! he was strong leetle Curé, an' he go  
for Jo-zeph en masse  
An' w'en he is mak' it de finish, poor Joe  
is n't feel it firse class,  
So nex' tam de Curé he 's goin' for visit de  
shaintee encore  
Of course he was mak' beeges' mission never  
see on dat place before.

An' he know more, I 'm sure dan de lawyer,  
an' dere 's many poor habitant  
Is glad for see Fader O'Hara, an' ax w'at he  
t'ink of de law

W'en dey get leetle troub' wit' each oder, an'  
 don't know de bes' t'ing to do,  
 Dat 's makin' dem save plaintee monee, an'  
 kip de good neighbor too.

But w'en we fin' out how he paddle till canoe  
 she was nearly fly  
 An' travel racquette on de winter, w'en snow-  
 dreef is pilin' up high  
 For visit some poor man or woman dat's waitin'  
 de message of peace,  
 An' get dem prepare for de journey, we 're  
 proud on de leetle pries'!

O! many dark night w'en de chil'ren is put  
 away safe on de bed  
 An' mese'f an' ma femme mebbe sittin' an'  
 watchin' de small curly head  
 We hear somet'ing else dan de roar of de ton-  
 der, de win' an' de rain;  
 So we 're bote passin' out on de doorway, an'  
 lissen an' lissen again.

An' it's lonesome for see de beeg cloud sweep-  
 in' across de sky  
 An' lonesome for hear de win' cryin' lak some-  
 body 's goin' to die,

But de soun' away down de valley, creepin'  
aroun' de hill

All de tam gettin' closer, closer, dat 's de soun'  
mak' de heart stan' still!

It 's de bell of de leetle Curé, de music of deat'  
we hear,

Along on de black road ringin', an' soon it was  
comin' near

Wan minute de face of de Curé we see by de  
lantern light,

An' he 's gone from us, jus' lak a shadder, into  
de stormy night.

An' de buggy rush down de hill side an' over  
de bridge below,

W'cre creek run so high on de spring-tam,  
w'en mountain t'row off de snow,

An' so long as we hear heem goin', we kneel  
on de floor an' pray

Dat God will look affer de Curé, an' de poor  
soul dat 's passin' away.

I dunno if he need our prayer, but we geev' it  
heem jus' de sam',

For w'en a man 's doin' hees duty lak de Curé  
do all de tam

Never min' all de t'ing may happen, no matter  
he 's riche or poor  
Le bon Dieu was up on de heaven, will look  
out for dat man, I 'm sure.

I 'm only poor habitant farmer, an' mebbe  
know not'ing at all,  
But dere 's wan t'ing I 'm alway wishin', an'  
dat 's w'en I get de call  
For travel de far-away journey, ev'ry wan on  
de worl' mus' go  
He 'll be wit' me de leetle Curé 'fore I 'm  
leffin' dis place below.

For I know I 'll be feel more easy, if he 's  
sittin' dere by de bed  
An' he 'll geev' me de good-bye message, an'  
place hees han' on ma head,  
Den I 'll hol' if he 'll only let me, dat han' till  
de las' las' breat'  
An' bless leetle Fader O'Hara, de Curé of  
Calumette.



## The Oyster Schooner

W'AT 'S all dem bell a ringin' for, can  
hear dem ev'ry w'ere ?  
W'at 's bring de peop' togeder on de w'arf at  
Trois Rivieres,  
Dat happy crowd is look so glad, w'y are dey  
comin' dere ?  
O ! de reason dey 're so happy w'ile dey 're  
waitin' dere to-day  
Is becos de oyster schooner she 's sailin' up de  
bay  
An' de caraquette an' malpecque will quickly  
melt away  
Affer she was t'row de anchor on T'ree Reever.

For w'y dey mak' de fuss lak dat, an' nearly  
broke deir neck,  
Ain't dey got de noder oyster more better dan  
malpecque  
Or caraquette, dat leetle wan from down be-  
low Kebeck ?

Wall! ax de crowd dat question w'ile dey 're  
waitin' dere to-day,  
So glad to see La Belle Marie sailin' up de bay,  
An' dey 'll drown you on de water, so you 'll  
know about de way  
She was t'rowin' out de anchor on T'ree  
Reever.

Dere 's ole Joe Lachapelle, he 's blin', can  
hardly see at all,  
He 's bring de man got wooden leg call Jimmie  
Sauriol,  
An' bote dem feller jomp aroun' lak mooshrat  
on de fall,  
For dey know de schooner 's comin', she 's  
sailin' up de bay,  
An' de reason she don't hurry w'ile dey 're  
waitin' dere to-day,  
Is becos she 's full of oyster, will quickly pass  
away  
W'en dat schooner t'row de anchor on T'ree  
Reever.

We 've trottin' race las' winter, an' circus on  
de spring,  
Wit' elephan' an' monkey too, all playin' on  
de ring,  
But beeger crowd she 's comin' now, for w'y ?  
it 's differen' t'ing,

For dey 're waitin' on dat schooner, she 's  
sailin' up de bay  
Dey smell de malpecque oyster an' caraquette  
to-day  
An' O! ba gosh, dey 'll eat dem! it 's alway  
be de way  
W'en dat schooner t'row de anchor on T'ree  
Reever.

" She 's comin' in—she 's comin' in," jus' lis-  
sen to de cry!  
" Get out de line an' hol' her fas', for fear  
she 's passin' by,  
For if dere 's somet'ing happen now, de peop'  
will surely die."  
Affer waitin' on dat schooner, she 's sailin' up  
de bay  
Lak de sparrow on de wood-pile watchin' all  
de day,  
But dey got her safe enough now, she 'll never  
sail away  
Till dem oyster she was finish on T'ree Reever.

" All aboar'—comment câ va, Captinne Beli-  
veau ?  
We 're glad to see you back again from Cara-  
quette below,  
But we 're sorry you don't hurry, w'en you got  
such nice car-go."

So dey ketch dat oyster schooner, she 's sailin'  
up de bay,  
Dey ketch her an' dey hol' her till de oyster 's  
gone away  
An' she 's two foot out de water La Belle  
Marie nex' day  
Affer she was t row de anchor on T'ree Reever.



## *My Leetle Cabane*

I

'M sittin' to-night on ma leetle cabane, more happier dan de king,  
An' ev'ry corner 's ringin' out wit' music de ole stove sing

I hear de cry of de winter win', for de storm-gate 's open wide

But I don't care not'ing for win' or storm, so long I was safe inside.

Viens 'ci, mon chien, put your head on dere,  
let your nose res' on ma knee—

You 'member de tam we chase de moose back  
on de Lac Souris

An' de snow come down an' we los' ourse'f  
till mornin' is bring de light,

You t'ink we got place to sleep, mon chien,  
lak de place we got here to-night

Onder de roof of de leetle cabane, w'ere fire  
 she 's blazin' high  
 An' bed I mak' of de spruce tree branch, is lie  
 on de floor close by,  
 O! I lak de smell of dat nice fresh bed, an' I  
 dream of de summer tam  
 An' de spot w'ere de beeg trout jomp so  
 moche down by de lumber dam.

But lissen dat win', how she scream outside,  
 mak me t'ink of de loup garou,  
 W'y to-night, mon chien, I be feelin' glad if  
 even de carcajou  
 Don't ketch hese'f on de trap I set to-day on  
 de Lac Souris  
 Let heem wait till to-morrow, an' den if he  
 lak, I geev heem good chance, sapree!

I see beeg cloud w'en I 'm out to-day, off on  
 de nor'-eas' sky,  
 An' she block de road, so de cloud behin',  
 don't get a chance passin' by,  
 An' I t'ink of boom on de grande riviere, w'en  
 log 's fillin' up de bay,  
 Wall! sam' as de boom on de spring-tam  
 flood, dat cloud she was sweep away.

Dem log 's very nice an' quiet, so long as de  
boom 's all right,  
But soon as de boom geev way, l'enfant! it 's  
den is begin de fight.  
Dey run de rapide, an' jomp de rock, dey leap  
on de air an' dive,  
Can hear dem roar from de reever shore, jus'  
lak dey was all alive.

An' dat was de way wit' de cloud to-day, de  
res' of dem push aside,  
For dey 're comin' fas' from de cole nor'-eas'  
an' away t'roo de sky dey ride  
Shakin' de snow as along dey go, lak grain  
from de farmer's han'  
Till to-morrow you can't see not'ing at all, but  
smoke of de leettle cabane.

I 'm glad we don't got no chimley, only hole  
on de roof up dere,  
An' spark fly off on w'ole of de worl', so dere 's  
no use gettin' scare,  
Mus' get more log! an' it 's lucky too, de wood  
pile is stannin' near  
So blow away storm, for harder you go, de  
warmér she 's comin' here—

I wonder how dey get on, mon chien, off on de  
great beeg town,  
W'ere house is so high, near touch de sky,  
mus' be danger of fallin' down.  
An' worser too on de night lak dis, ketchin'  
dat terrible win',  
O! leettle small place lak de ole cabane was de  
right place for stayin' in.

I s'pose dey got plaintee bodder too, dem  
feller dat 's be riche man,  
For dey 're never knowin' w'en t'ief may come  
an' steal all de t'ing he can  
An' de monee was kip dem busy too, watchin'  
it night an' day,  
Dunno but we 're better off here, mon chien,  
wit' beeg city far away.

For I look on de corner over dere, an' see it  
ma birch canoe,  
I look on de wall w'ere ma rifle hang along wit'  
de good snowshoe,  
An' ev'ry t'ing else on de worl' I got, safe on  
dis place near me.  
An' here you are too, ma brave ole dog, wit'  
your nose up agen ma knee.

## My Leettle Cabane 27

An' here we be stay t'roo de summer day,  
w'en ev'ry t'ing 's warm an' bright  
On winter too w'en de stormy win' blow lak  
she blow to-night  
Let dem stay on de city, on great beeg house,  
dem feller dat 's be riche man  
For we're happy an' satisfy here, mon chien,  
on our own leettle small cabane.



## Bateese the Lucky Man

HE 'S alway ketchin' doré, an' he 's alway  
ketchin' trout

On de place w'ere no wan else can ketch at all  
He 's alway ketchin' baibotte, dat 's w'at you  
call bull-pout,  
An' he never miss de wil' duck on de fall.

O! de pa'tridge do some skippin' w'en she see  
heem on de swamp

For she know Bateese don't go for not'ing  
dere,

An' de rabbit if he 's comin', wall! you ought  
to see heem jomp.

W'y he want to climb de tree he feel so  
scare.

Affer two hour by de reever I hear hees leetle  
song

Den I meet heem all hees pocket full of snipe,

An' me, I go de sam' place, an' I tramp de  
w'ole day long  
An' I'm only shootin' two or t'ree, Ba Cripe!

I start about de sun-rise, an' I put out ma  
decoy,

An' I see Bateeese he sneak along de shore,  
An' before it 's comin' breakfas', he 's holler  
on hees boy  
For carry home two dozen duck or more.

An' I 'm freezin' on de blin'—me—from four  
o'clock to nine

An' ev'ry duck she 's passin' up so high.  
Dere 's blue-bill an' butter-ball, an' red-head,  
de fines' kin

An' I might as well go shootin' on de sky.

Don't see de noder feller lak Bateeese was lucky  
man,

He can ketch de smartes' feesh is never  
sweem,

An' de bird he seldom miss dem, let dem try  
de hard dey can

W'y de eagle on de mountain can't fly  
away from heem.

30      Bateese, the Lucky Man

But all de bird, an' feesh too, is geev' up feelin'  
scare,  
An' de rabbit he can stay at home in bed,  
For he feesh an' shoot no longer, ole Jean  
Bateese Belair,  
'Cos he 's dead.





## The Hill of St. Sebastien

I OUGHT to feel more satisfy an' happy dan  
I be,

For better husban' dan ma own, it 's very  
hard to fin'

An' plaintee woman if dey got such boy an'  
girl as me

Would never have no troub' at all, an'  
not'ing on deir min'

But w'ile dey 're alway wit' me, an' dough I  
love dem all

I can't help t'inkin' w'en I watch de chil'ren  
out at play

Of tam I 'm jus' lak dat mese'f, an' den de  
tear will fall

For de hill of St. Sebastien is very far away!

It seem so pleasan' w'en I come off here ten  
year ago

An' hardes' work I 'm gettin' den, was never  
heavy load,

32      The Hill of St. Sebastien

De roughes' place is smoot' enough, de  
quickes' gait is slow

For glad I am to foller w'ree Louis lead de  
road

But somet'ing 's comin' over me, I feel it  
    more an' more

It's alway pullin' on de heart, an' stronger  
    ev'ry day,

An' O! I long to see again de reever an' de  
    shore

W'ree de hill of St. Sebastien is lookin' on  
    de bay!

I use to t'ink it 's fine t'ing once, to stan' upon  
    de door

An' see de great beeg medder dere, stretchin'  
    far an' wide,

An' smell de pleasan' flower dat grow lak star  
    on de prairie floor,

An' watch de spotted antelope was feedin'  
    ev'ry side,

How did we gain it, man an' wife, dis lan' was  
    no man's lan'?

By rifle, an' harrow an' plow, shovel an'  
    spade an' hoe

De blessin' of good God up above, an' work of  
    our own strong han'

Till it stan' on de middle, our leetle nes',  
    w'ree de wheat an' cornfiel' grow.

An' soon de chil'ren fill de house, wit' musique  
all day long,  
De sam' ma moder use to sing on de cradle  
over me,  
I 'm almos' sorry it 's be ma fault dey learn  
dem ole tam song  
W'at good is it tak' me off lak dat back on  
ma own contree ?  
Till de reever once more I see again, an' lissen  
it's current flow  
An' dere 's Hercule de ferry man comin'  
across de bay !  
Wat 's use of foolin' me lak dat ? for surely I  
mus' know  
De hill of St. Sebastien is very far away !

W'en Louis ketch me dat summer night  
watchin' de sky above,  
Seein' de mountain an' de lake, wit' sinall  
boat sailin' roun'  
He kiss me an' say—" Toinette, I 'm glad dis  
prairie lan' you love  
For travel de far you can, ma belle, it 's  
fines' on top de groun'!"  
Jus' w'en I 'm lookin' dat beeg cloud too,  
standin' dere lak a wall !  
Sam' as de hill I know so well, home on ma  
own contree,

Good job I was cryin' quiet den, an' Louis  
can't hear at all

But I kiss de poor feller an' laugh, an' never  
say not'ing—me.

W'at can you do wit' man lak dat, an' w'y am  
I bodder so ?

De firse t'ing he might fin' it out, den hees  
heart will feel it sore

An' if he say " Come home Toinette," I 'm  
sure I mus' answer " No,"

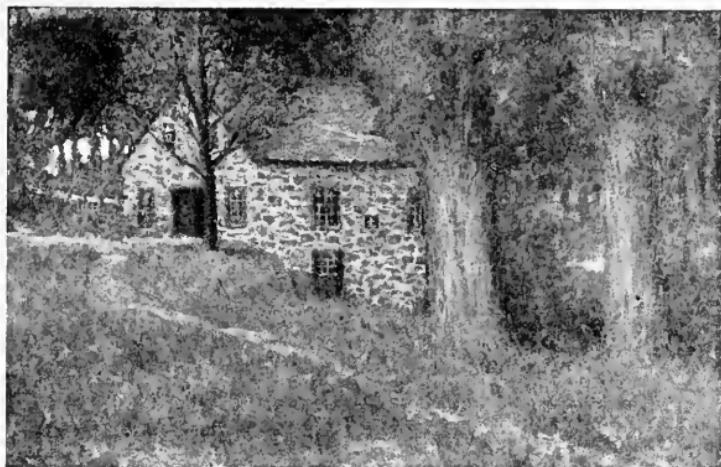
For if I 'm seein' dat place again, I never  
return no more!

So let de heart break—I don't care, I won't  
say not'ing—me—

I 'll mak' dat promise on mese'f, an' kip it  
night an' day

But O! Mon Dieu! how glad, how glad, an'  
happy I could be

If de hill of St. Sebastien was not so far  
away!



## MARIE LOUISE.

DIS was de story of boy an' girl  
Dat 's love each oder above de worl'  
But it 's not easy job for mak' l'amour  
W'en de girl she 's riche an' de boy he 's poor  
All de sam' he don't worry an' she don't cry,  
But wait for good chances come bimeby.

Young Marie Louise Hurtubuise  
Was leev wit' her moder la veuve Denise  
On fines' house on de w'ole chemin  
From Caribou reever to St. Germain  
For ole woman 's boss on de grande moulin.

W'ere dere 's nice beeg dam, water all de tam  
 An' season t'roo runnin' jus' de sam'  
 Wit' good leetle creek comin' off de hill  
 Was helpin' de reever for work de mill  
 So de grande moulin she is never still.

No wonder Denise she was hard to please  
 W'en de boy come sparkin' Marie Louise  
 For affer de foreman Bazile is pay  
 De mill she 's bringin' t'ree dollar a day  
 An' for makin' de monee, dat 's easy way.

An' de girl Marie, O! she 's tres jolie,  
 Jompin' aroun lak de summer bee  
 She 's never short plaintee t'ing to do  
 An' mebbe she ketch leetle honey too,  
 'Cos she 's jus' as sweet as de morning dew.

An' we'n she was dress on her Sunday bes'  
 An' walk wit' her moder on seconde messe  
 Dere 's not'ing is bring de young man so fas'  
 An' dey stan' on door of church en masse  
 So res' of de peop' dey can hardly pass.

An' she know musique, 'cos on Chris'mas week  
 W'en organ man on de church is sick  
 (S'pose he got de grippe) dat girl she play  
 Lak college professor, de pries' is say  
 Till de place it was crowd nearly ev'ry day.

Ole Curé Belair of St. Pollinaire,  
Dat 's parish ten mile noder side riviere,  
If he 's not gettin' mad, it was funny t'ing  
W'en hees young man fly lak bird on de wing  
Wit' nobody lef' behin' to sing.

An' nex' t'ing dey know it 's comin' so  
Dat mos' of de girl she got no beau,  
An' of course dat 's makin' de jealousie  
For w'en de young feller he see Marie  
He see not'ing else on hees eye, sapree!

Mus' be somet'ing done sure as de gun,  
It 's all very well for de boy have fun  
But dere 's noder t'ing too, must n't be forget  
Dere 's two fine parish dat 's all upset  
An' mebbe de troub' is n't over yet.

So ev'ry wan say de only way  
Is gettin' young Marie Louise mariée,  
Den dey have beeg meetin' on magasin,  
W'ere he sit on de chair Aleck Sanschagrin,  
An' dey 'point heem for go on de grande  
moulin.

But w'en Aleck come dere for arrange affaire,  
Ole Madame Denise she was mak' heem scare

For jus' on de minute she see hees face  
 She know right away all about de case  
 An' she tole Bazile t'row heem off de place.

Now de young Bazile he was t'ink good deal  
 Of Marie Louise an' he 's ready for keel  
 Any feller come foolin' aroun' de door  
 So he kick dat man till he 's feelin' sore,  
 An' Aleck he never go back no more.

If it 's true w'at dey say, Joe Boulanger  
 Was crazy to fight Irish man wan day  
 W'en he steal all de pork on hees dinner can,  
 Den it is n't so very hard onderstan'  
 Bazile Latour mus' be darn smart man.

For nobody know de poor feller Joe  
 W'en he 's come from de grande moulin below  
 'Cept hees moder, dat 's tole heem mak' promise sure  
 Kip off on de mill, an' Bazile Latour,  
 (But it 's long before doctor can mak' heem cure).

Den de ole Denise she was very please,  
 An' nex' day spik wit' Marie Louise,  
 " Ma girl, I got de right man for you  
 If you can only jus' love heem true,  
 Bazile dat young feller, I t'ink he 'll do."

“ Wall! Moder he 's poor, Bazile Latour,  
But if you t'ink you will lak heem sure  
I 'll try an' feex it mese'f some day  
For you 've been de good moder wit' me  
alway ”  
An' dat 's w'at Marie Louise she say.

So it 's comin' right affer all de fight,  
An' de parish don't see de more finer sight  
Dan w'en dey get marry on St. Germain  
W'y de buggy she 's pilin' de w'ole chemin  
All de way from de church to de grande moulin.



## The Old House and the New

—  
[S it only twelve mont' I play de fool,  
You 're sure it 's correc', ma dear ?  
I 'm glad for hearin' you spik dat way  
For I t'ink it was twenty year,  
Since leffin' de leetle ole house below,  
I mak' wit' ma own two han'  
For go on dat fine beeg place, up dere—  
Mon Dieu ! I 'm de crazy man !

You 'member we 're not very riche, cherie,  
Dat tam we 're beginnin' life !  
Mese'f I 'm twenty, an' you eighteen  
W'en I 'm bringin' you home ma wife,

Many de worry an' troub' we got  
An' some of dem was n't small,  
But not very long dey bodder us  
For we work an' forget dem all.

An' you was de savin' woman too,  
Dere 's nobody beat you dere!  
An' I laugh w'en I t'ink of de tam you go  
Over on Trois Rivieres  
For payin' de bank—you know how moche  
We 're owin' for dat new place  
W'at was he sayin' de nice young man  
Smilin' upon hees face

W'en he got dat monee was all pure gole  
Come down on your familee  
For honder year an' mebbe more?  
" Ma-dame you 're excusin' me,  
But w'ere was you gettin' dis nice gole coin  
Of Louis Quatorze, hees tam  
Wit' hees face on back of dem ev'ry wan?  
For dey 're purty scase now, Ma-dam?"

An' you say " Dat 's not'ing at all M'sieu'  
Ma familee get dem t'ing,  
I suppose it 's very long tam ago,  
W'en Louis Quatorze is King,

## 42 The Old House and the New

An' I 'm sorry poor feller he 's comin' dead

An' not leevin' here to-day

'Cos man should be good on hees frien', M'sieu'

W'en de monee he mak' dat way."

Yass, ev'ry wan know we 're workin' hard

An' savin' too all dem year,

But nobody see us starve ourse'f

Dere 's plaintee to eat, don't fear—

Bimeby our chil'ren dey 're growin' up

So we 're doin' de bes' we can

Settle dem off on de firse good chance

An' geevin' dem leetle lan'.

An' den de troub' is begin to show

W'en our daughter poor Caroline

She marry dat lawyer on Trois Rivieres

De beeges' fool never seen!

Alway come home ev'ry summer sure

Bringin' her familee,

All right for de chil'ren, I don't min' dem;

But de husban'! sapree maudit!

I wish I was close ma ear right off

W'en he talk of our leetle house

Dough I know w'en familee's comin' home

Dere is n't moche room for a mouse,

He say " Riche man lak youse'f can't leev'  
On shaintee lak dis below,  
W'en t'ousan' dollar will buil' fin' place  
Up on de hill en haut."

An' he talk about gallerie all aroun'  
W'ere we sit on de summer night  
Watchin' de star on de sky above  
W'ile de moon she was shinin' bright,  
Could plant some apple-tree dere, also,  
An' flower, an' I dunno w'at,  
An' w'en de sun he 's begin to rise  
Look at de view we got!

Den he bring 'noder feller from Trois Rivieres  
An' show w'at he call de plan  
For makin' dem house on de w'ole contree—  
Mon Dieu! how I hate dat man!  
'Cos he 's talkin' away nearly all de tam  
Lak trotter upon de race—  
Wall! affer a w'ile we mak' our min'  
For havin' dat nice new place.

So dey go ahead, an' we let dem go,  
But stuff dey was t'row away;  
I 'm watchin' for dat, an' I save mese'f  
Mebbe twenty-five cent a day,

## 44 The Old House and the New

For you 're surely cheat if you don't tak' care  
Very offen we fin' dat 's true,  
An' affer de house she was finish up,  
We 're geevin' it nam' Bellevue.

O! yass, I know we enjoy ourse'f  
W'en our frien' dey was comin' roun'  
An' say " Dat 's very fine place you got;  
Dere 's not'ing upon de town,  
Or anyw'ere else for honder mile  
Dis house Bellevue can touch,  
An' den let de horse eat de garden fence  
Non! we don't enjoy dat so moche.

An' of course we can't say not'ing at all  
For it 's not correc' t'ing you know—  
But " Never min' dat, an' please come again,  
I 'm sorry you got to go."  
Baptême! w'en I 'm seein' beeg feller bus'  
Our two dollar easy chair—  
Can't help it at all, I got to go  
Down on de cellar an' swear!

An' w'ere did we leev' on dat belle maison ?  
Wan room an' de kitchen, dat 's all  
An' plaintee too for de man an' wife!  
An' you 'member de tam I fall

Off on de gallerie wan dark night,  
I los' mese'f tryin' fin'  
De winder dere on de grande parloir,  
For closin' it up de blin' ?

An' all de tam de poor leetle house  
Is down on de road below,  
I t'ink she was jealous dat fine new place  
Up on de hill en haut,  
For O! she look lonesome by herse'f  
De winder all broke an' gone—  
No smoke on de chimley comin' out  
No frien' stannin' dere—not wan.

You 'member too, w'en de fever come  
An' ketch us wan winter day ?  
W'at he call de shaintee, our son-in-law,  
Dat 's w'ere dey pass away  
Xavier, Zoë, an' Euchariste  
Our chil'ren wan, two, t'ree—  
I offen t'ink of de room dey die,  
An' I can't help cryin'—me.

So we 'll go on de ole house once again,  
Long enough we been fool lak dis  
Never min' w'at dey say bimeby, ma chere  
But geev me de leetle kiss,

## 46 The Old House and the New

Let dem stay on dat fine new place up dere  
Our daughter an' son-in-law  
For to-morrow soon as de sun will rise  
We 're goin' back home—Hooraw!



## THE CANADIAN COUNTRY DOCTOR.



I S'POSE mos' ev'ry body t'ink hees job 's  
about de hardes'

From de boss man on de Gouvernement to  
poor man on de town

From de curé to de lawyer, an' de farmer to  
de school boy

An' all de noder feller was mak' de worl'  
go roun'.

But dere 's wan man got hees han' full t'roo  
ev'ry kin' of wedder

An' he 's never sure of not'ing but work  
an' work away—

Dat 's de man dey call de doctor, w'en you  
ketch heem on de contree

An' he 's only man I know-me, don't got  
no holiday.

If you 're comin' off de city spen' de summer-  
tam among us  
An' you walk out on de morning w'en de  
leetle bird is sing  
Mebbe den you see de doctor w'en he 's passin  
wit' hees buggy  
An' you t'ink " Wall! contree doctor mus'  
be very pleasan' t'ing

" Drivin' dat way all de summer up an' down  
along de reever  
W'ere de nice cool win' is blowin' among de  
maple tree  
Den w'en he 's mak' hees visit, comin' home  
before de night tam  
For pass de quiet evening wit' hees wife an'  
familee."

An' w'en off across de mountain, some wan 's  
sick an' want de doctor  
" Mus' be fine trip crossin' over for watch  
de sun go down  
Makin' all dem purty color lak w'at you call  
de rainbow,"  
Dat 's way de peop' is talkin' was leevin' on  
de town.

But it is n't alway summer on de contree, an'  
de doctor

He could tole you many story of de storm  
dat he 's been in

How hees coonskin coat come handy, w'en de  
win' blow off de reever

For if she 's sam' ole reever, she 's not  
alway sam' old win'.

An' de mountain dat 's so quiet w'en de w'ite  
cloud go a-sailin'

All about her on de summer w'ere de sheep  
is feedin' high

You should see her on December w'en de snow  
is pilin' roun' her

An' all de win' of winter come tearin' t'roo  
de sky.

O! le bon Dieu help de doctor w'en de mes-  
sage come to call heem

From hees warm bed on de night-tam for  
visit some poor man

Lyin' sick across de hill side on noder side de  
reever

An' he hear de mountain roarin' lak de beeg  
Shawinigan.

Ah! well he know de warning but he can't  
stay till de morning  
So he 's hitchin' up hees leetle horse an' put  
heem on burleau  
Den w'en he 's feex de buffalo, an' wissle to  
hees pony  
Away t'roo storm an' hurricane de contree  
doctor go.

O! de small Canadian pony! dat 's de horse  
can walk de snowdreef.  
Dat 's de horse can fin' de road too he 's  
never been before  
Kip your heart up leetle feller, for dere 's  
many mile before you  
An' it 's purty hard job tellin' w'en you see  
your stable door.

Yass! de doctor he can tole you, if he have de  
tam for talkin'  
All about de bird was singin' before de sum-  
mer lef'  
For he 's got dem on hees bureau an' he 's doin'  
it hese'f too  
An' de las' tam I was dere, me, I see dem all  
mese'f.

But about de way he travel t'roo de stormy  
night of winter  
— W'en de rain come on de spring flood, an'  
de bridge is wash away  
All de hard work, all de danger dat was offen  
hang aroun' heem  
Dat 's de tam our contree doctor don't have  
very moche to say.

For it 's purty ole, ole story, an' he alway have  
it wit' heem  
Ever since he come among us on parish Saint  
Mathieu  
An' no doubt he 's feelin' mebbe jus' de  
sam' as noder feller  
So he rader do hees talkin' about somet'ing  
dat was new.



## Mon Frere Camille

W'at 's makin' dat change on mon frere  
Camille ?  
Well! lissen for minute or two,  
An' I 'll try feex it up on de leetle song  
Dat 's geevin' some chance kin' o' help it  
along  
So wedder I 'm right or wedder I 'm wrong  
You 'll know all about heem w'en I get  
t'roo,

He never sen' letter for t'orteen year  
So of course he mus' be all right  
Till telegraph 's comin' from Kan-Ka-Kee  
" I 'm leffin' dis place on de half pas' t'ree  
W'at you want to bring is de bes' buggee  
An' double team sure for me t'orsday night  
Ton frere Camille."

I wish you be dere w'en Camille arrive  
I bet you will say " W'at 's dat ?"  
For he 's got leetle cap very lak tuque bleu  
Ole habitant 's wearin' in bed, dat 's true,  
An' w'at do you t'ink he carry too ?  
Geev it up ? Wall ! small valise wit' de fine  
plug hat.

Mon frere Camille.

" Very strange." I know you will say right off,  
For dere 's not'ing wrong wit' hees clothes,  
An' he put on style all de bes' he can  
Wit' diamon' shinin' across hees han'  
An' de way he 's talkin' lak Yankee man  
Mus' be purty hard on hees nose,

Mon frere Camille.

But he 'splain all dat about funny cap,  
An' tole us de reason w'y,

It seem no feller can travel far,  
 An' specially too on de Pullman car,  
 'Less dey wear leetle cap only cos' dollarre,  
 Dat 's true if he never die,

Mon frere Camille.

Don't look very strong dem fancy boot  
 But he 's 'plain all dat also  
 He say paten' ledder she 's nice an' gay  
 You don't need to polish dem ev'ry day,  
 Besides he 's too busy for dat alway,  
 W'en he 's leevin' on Chi-caw-go,

Mon frere Camille.

But de State she was n't de only place  
 He visit all up an' down,  
 For he 's goin' Cu-baw an' de Mex-i-co,  
 W'ere he 's killin' two honder dem wil' taureau,  
 W'at you call de bull: on de circus show,  
 O! if you believe heem he travel roun'.

Mon frere Camille.

So of course w'en ma broder was gettin' home  
 All the peop' on de parish come  
 Every night on de parlor for hear heem tell  
 How he foller de brave Generale Roosvel'  
 W'en rough rider feller dey fight lak hell  
 An' he walk on de front wit' great beeg  
 drum,

Mon frere Camille.

An' how is he gainin' dat diamon' ring ?

Way off on de Mex-i-co

W'ere he 's pilin' de bull wan summer day

Till it 's not easy haulin' dem all away,

An' de lady dey 're t'rowin' heem large  
bouquet

For dey lak de style he was keel taureau,

Mon frere Camille.

Wall ! he talk dat way all de winter t'roo,

An' hees frien' dey was tryin' fin'

Some bull on de county dat 's wil' enough

For mon frere Camille, but it 's purty tough

'Cos de farmer 's not raisin' such fightin' stuff

An' he don't want not'ing but mos' worse  
kin'

Mon frere Camille.

Dat 's not pleasan' t'ing mebbe los' hees trade,

If we don't hurry up, for sure,

I s'pose you t'ink I was goin' it strong ?

Never min', somet'ing happen 'fore very long

It 'll all come out on dis leetle song

W'en he pass on de house of Ma-dame  
Latour

Camille, mon frere.

We 're makin' pique-nique on Denise Latour

For helpin' put in de hay

Too bad she 's de moder large familee  
 An' los' de bes' husban' she never see  
 W'en he drown on de reever, poor Jeremie,  
 So he come wit' de res' of de gang dat day,  
 Camille, mon frere.

An' affer de hay it was put away  
 Don't tak' very long at all,  
 De boy an' de girl she was lookin' 'roun'  
 For havin' more fun 'fore dey lef' de groun'  
 An' dey see leetle bull, mebbe t'ree honder  
 poun'  
 An' nex' t'ing I hear dem call  
 Mon frere Camille.

So nice leetle feller I never see  
 Dat bull of Ma-dame Latour  
 Wit' curly hair on de front hees head  
 An' quiet ? jus' sam' he was almos' dead  
 An' fat ? wall! de chil'ren dey see heem fed  
 So he 's not goin' keel heem I 'm very sure,  
 Mon frere Camille.

But de girl kip teasin' an' ole Ma-dame  
 She say, " You can go ahead  
 He cos' me four dollarre six mont' ago  
 So if anyt'ing happen ma small taureau,  
 Who 's pay me dat monee I lak to know ? "  
 An' he answer, " Dat 's me w'en I keel  
 heem dead"  
 Mon frere Camille.

Den he feex beeg knife on de twelve foot pole,  
So de chil'ren commence to cry  
An' he jomp on de fence, an' yell, " Hooraw "  
An' shout on de leetle French bull, " Dis donc!  
Ain't you scare w'en you see feller from Cu-  
baw ? "

An' he show heem hees red necktie,

Mon frere Camille.

L' petit taureau w'en he see dat tie  
He holler for half a mile  
Den he jomp on de leg an' he raise de row  
Ba Golly! I 'm sure I can see heem now.  
An' dey run w'en dey hear heem, de noder  
cow  
Den he say, " Dat bull must be surely wil' "

Mon frere Camille.

But de bull don't care w'at he say at all,  
For he 's watchin' dat red necktie  
An' w'en ma broder he push de pole  
I'm sure it's makin' some purty large hole,  
If de bull be dere, but ma blood run col'  
For de nex' t'ing I hear heem cry,  
Camille, mon frere.

No wonder he cry, for dat sapree bull  
He 's yell leetle bit some more,

Den he ketch ma broder dat small taureau  
Only cos' four dollarre six mont' ago  
An' he 's t'rowin' heem up from de groun'  
below  
Wan tam, two tam, till he 's feelin' sore,  
Camille, mon frere.

An' w'en ma broder 's come down agen  
I s'pose he mus' change hees min'  
An' mebbe t'ink if it 's all de sam'  
He 'll keel dat bull w'en he get more tam  
For dere he was runnin' wit' ole Ma-dame  
De chil'ren, de bull, an' de cow behin'  
Camille, mon frere.

So dat 's de reason he 's firse class blood  
W'en he come off de State las' fall  
Wearin' hees boot a la mode box toe  
An' diamon' pin on hees shirt also  
Sam' as dem feller on Chi-caw-go  
But now he 's no blood at all,  
Camille, mon frere.



## The Habitant's Summer

WHO can blame de winter, never min'  
, de hard he 's blowin'  
'Cos w'en de tam is comin' for passin' on  
hees roun'  
De firse t'ing he was doin' is start de sky a  
snowin'  
An' mak' de nice w'ite blanket, for cover up  
de groun'.  
  
An' de groun' she go a'sleepin' t'roo all de  
stormy season,  
Restin' from her work las' summer, till she 's  
waken by de rain  
Dat le bon Dieu sen' some morning, an' of  
course dat 's be de reason  
Ev'ry year de groun' she 's lookin' jus' as  
fresh an' young again.

Den you geev her leetle sunshine, w'en de snow  
go off an' leave her

Let de sout' win' blow upon her, an' you see  
beeg changes now

Wit' de steam arisin' from her jus' de sam' she  
got de fever,

An' not many day is passin' w'en she 's  
ready for de plow.

We don't bodder wit' no spring-tam w'ere de  
rain she 's alway fallin,'

Two, t'ree mont', or mebbe longer, on de  
place beyon' de sea,

W'ere some bird he 's nam' de cuckoo, spen'  
de mos' hees tam a-callin'

But for fear he wet hees fedder, hide away  
upon de tree.

On de swamp beside de reever, mebbe jus'  
about de fly-tam

W'ere it 's very hard to see heem, we hear  
de wo-wa-raw,

Dat 's w'at you call de bull-frog, singin'  
"more rum," all de night-tam.

He 's only kin' of cuckoo we got on Cana-  
daw.

No, we have n't got dat feller, but we got some  
bird can beat heem,

An' we hear dem, an' we see dem, jus' so  
soon de winter go,

So never min' de cuckoo for we 're not afraid  
to meet heem,

W'enever he was ready, wit' our own petits  
oiseaux.

An' dey almos' come togeder, lak de spring  
an' summer wedder,

Blue-bird wan day, pie-blanche nex' day,  
geevin' out deir leetle note,

Affer dat we see de robin, an' de gouglou on  
de medder,

Den le roi, de red bird 's comin', dressim on  
hees sojer coat.

W'en de grosbec on de pine tree, wak' you  
early wit' hees singin',

W'en you lissen to de pa'tridge a-beatin' on  
hees drum,

W'en de w'ole place roun' about you wit'  
musique is a-ringin',

Den you know de winter 's over, an' de  
summer day is come.

See de apple blossom showin', see de clover  
how it 's growin'

Watch de trout, an' way dey 're playin' on  
de reever down below,

Ah! de cunning leetle feller, easy see how well  
dey 're knowin'

We're too busy now for ketch dem an' dat 's  
w'y dey 're jompin' so.

For de mos' fine summer season don't las' too long, an' we know it,  
So we're workin' ev'rybody, wile de sun is warm an' clear,  
Dat's de tam for plant de barley, an' de injun corn we sow it,  
W'en de leaf upon de maple's jus' de size of squirrel's ear.

'Noder job is feixin' fences, if we don't be lak de las' year,  
W'en de Durham bull he's pullin' nearly all de fence away,  
An' dat sapree champion taureau let de cattle out de pasture  
So dey're playin' on de devil wit' de oat an' wit' de hay.

Yass, de farmer's offen worry, an' it some-tam mak' heein' snappy,  
For no sooner wan job's finish, dan he got two t'ousan' more,  
But he's glad for see de summer, w'en all de worl' she's happy,  
An' ev'ryt'ing aroun' heem was leevin' out o' door.

Now de ole sheep's takin' young wan up de hillside, an' dey feed dem  
W'ere de nice short grass is growin' sweeter dan it grow below,

Ev'ry morning off dey 're goin' an' it 's  
pleasan' t'ing to see dem  
Lookin' jus' lak leetle snow-ball all along de  
green coteau.

Dere 's de hen too, wit' her chicken, O how  
moché dey mak' her bodder  
Watchin' dem mos' ev'ry minute, fearin' dey  
was go astray

But w'en mountain hawk he 's comin' den  
how quick dey fin' de moder  
An' get onderneat' her fedder till de dan-  
ger 's pass away.

An' jus' see de turkey gobbler, an' lissen to  
heem talkin'  
No wonder he 's half crazee, an' spikin' out  
so loud,

W'en you meet heem on de roadside wit' hees  
wife an' chil'ren walkin',  
It 's kipin' heem so busy lookin' affer such  
a crowd.

Dat 's about de way we 're leevin', dat 's a  
few t'ing we 're seein',  
W'en de nice warm summer sun is shinin'  
down on Canadaw,

An' no matter w'at I 'm hearin', still I never  
feel lak bein'  
No oder stranger feller, me, but only habi-  
tant.

64      The Habitant's Summer

For dere 's no place lak our own place, don't  
care de far you 're goin'  
Dat 's w'at de whole worl's sayin', w'enever  
dey come here,  
'Cos we got de fines' contree, an' de beeges'  
reever flowin'  
An' le bon Dieu sen' de sunshine nearly  
twelve mont' ev'ry year.





## Little Lac Grenier.

(GREN-YAY)

LEETLE Lac Grenier, she 's all alone,  
Right on de mountain top,  
But cloud sweepin' by, will fin' tam to stop  
No matter how quickly he want to go,  
So he 'll kiss leetle Grenier down below.

Leetle Lac Grenier, she 's all alone,  
Up on de mountain high  
But she never feel lonesome, 'cos for w'y ?  
So soon as de winter was gone away  
De bird come an' sing to her ev'ry day.

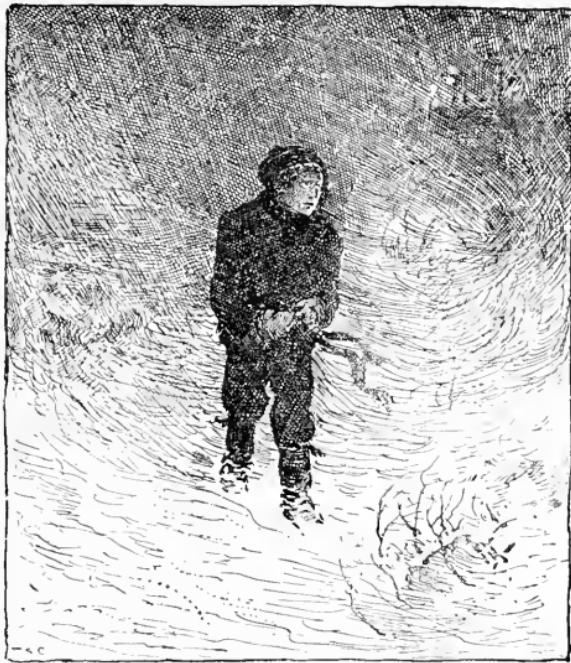
Leetle Lac Grenier, she 's all alone,  
 Back on de mountain dere,  
 But de pine tree an' spruce stan' ev'rywhere  
 Along by de shore, an' mak' her warm  
 For dey kip off de win' an' de winter storm !

Leetle Lac Grenier, she 's all alone,  
 No broder, no sister near,  
 But de swallow will fly, an' de beeg moose  
 deer  
 An' caribou too, will go long way  
 To drink de sweet water of Lac Grenier.

Leetle Lac Grenier, I see you now,  
 Onder de roof of spring  
 Ma canoe 's afloat, an' de robin sing,  
 De lily 's beginnin' her summer dress,  
 An' trout 's wakin' up from hees long long res'.

Leetle Lac Grenier, I 'm happy now,  
 Out on de ole canoe,  
 For I 'm all alone, ma chere, wit' you,  
 An' if only a nice light rod I had  
 I 'd try dat fish near de lily pad !

Leetle Lac Grenier, O ! let me go,  
 Don't spik no more,  
 For your voice is strong lak de rapid's roar,  
 An' you know youse'f I 'm too far away,  
 For visit you now—leetle Lac Grenier !



## THE WINDIGO

GO easy wit' de paddle, an' steady wit' de  
oar

Geev rudder to de bes' man you got among  
de crew,

Let ev'ry wan be quiet, don't let dem sing no  
more

W'en you see de islan' risin' out of Grande  
Lac Manitou.

Above us on de sky dere, de summer cloud  
may float

Aroun' us on de water de ripple never show,  
But somet'ing down below us can rock de  
stronges' boat,

W'en we 're comin' near de islan' of de  
spirit Windigo!

De carcajou may breed dere, an' otter sweem  
de pool

De moosh-rat mak' de mud house, an' beaver  
buil' hees dam

An' beeges' Injun hunter on all de Tête de  
Boule

Will never set hees trap dere from spring  
to summer tam.

But he 'll bring de fines' presen' from upper  
St. Maurice

De loup marin an' black-fox from off de  
Hodson Bay

An' hide dem on de islan' an' smoke de pipe  
of peace

So Windigo will help heem w'en he travel  
far away.

We shaintee on dat islan' on de winter seexty-  
nine

If you look you see de clearin' aroun' de  
Coo Coo Cache,

An' pleasan' place enough too among de spruce  
an' pine

If foreman on de shaintee is n't Cyprien  
Palache.

Beeg feller, alway watchin' on hees leetle  
weasel eye,

De gang dey can't do not'ing but he see dem  
perty quick

Wit' hees "Hi dere, w'at you doin'?" ev'ry  
tam he 's passin' by

An' de bad word he was usin', wall! it offen  
mak' me sick.

An' he carry silver w'issle wit' de chain aroun'  
hees neck

For fear he mebbe los' it, an' ev'ry body say  
He mus' buy it from de devil w'en he 's  
passin' on Kebeck

But if it 's true dat story, I dunno how  
moché he pay.

Dere 's plaintee on de shaintee can sing lak  
rossignol

Pat Clancy play de fiddle, an' Jimmie Char-  
bonneau

Was bring hees concertina from below St.  
Fereol

So we get some leetle pleasure till de long,  
long winter go.

But if we start up singin' affer supper on de camp

“ Par derriere chez ma tante,” or “ Mattawa wishtay,”

De boss he ’ll come along den, an’ put heem out de lamp,

An’ only stop hees swearin’ w’en we all go marche coucher.

We ’ve leetle boy dat winter from Po-po-lo-be-lang

Hees fader an’ hees moder dey ’re bote A-ben-a-kee

An’ he ’s comin’, Injun Johnnie, wit’ some man de lumber gang

Was fin’ heem nearly starvin’ above on Lac Souris.

De ole man an’ de woman is tryin’ pass de Soo W’en water ’s high on spring tam, an’ of course dey ’re gettin’ drown’,

For even smartes’ Injun should n’t fool wit’ birch canoe,

W’ere de reever lak toboggan on de hill is runnin’ down.

So dey lef’ de leetle feller all alone away up dere

Till lumber gang is ketchin’ him an’ bring him on de Cache,

But better if he 's stayin' wit' de wolf an' wit'  
de bear  
Dan come an' tak' hees chances wit' Cyprien  
Palache.

I wonder how he stan' it, w'y he never run  
away

For Cyprien lak neeger he is treat heem all  
de sam'

An' if he 's wantin' Johnnie on de night or on  
de day

God help heem if dat w'issle she was below  
de secon' tam!

De boy he don't say not'ing, no wan never see  
heem cry

He 's got de Injun in heem, you can see it  
on de face,

An' only for us feller an' de cook, he 'll surely  
die

Long before de winter 's over, long before  
we lef' de place,

But I see heem hidin' somet'ing wan morning  
by de shore

So firse tam I was passin' I scrape away de  
snow

An' it 's rabbit skin he 's ketchin' on de swamp  
de day before,

Leetle Injun Johnnie 's workin' on de spirit  
Windigo.

December's come in stormy, an' de snow-dreef  
fill de road  
Can only see de chimley an' roof of our  
cabane,  
An' stronges' team on stable fin' it plaintee  
heavy load  
Haulin' sleigh an' two t'ree pine log t'roo  
de wood an' beeg savane.

An' I travel off wan day me, wit' Cyprien  
Palache,  
Explorin' for new timber, w'en de win' be-  
gin to blow,  
So we hurry on de snow-shoe for de camp on  
Coo Coo Cache  
If de nor' eas' storm is comin', was de bes'  
place we dunno—

An' we 're gettin' safe enough dere wit' de  
storm close on our heel,  
But w'en our belt we loosen for takin' off de  
coat  
De foreman commence screamin' an' mon Dieu  
it mak' us feel  
Lak he got t'ree t'ousan' devil all fightin' on  
hees t'roat.

Cyprien is los' hees w'issle, Cyprien is los' hees  
chain  
Injun Johnnie he mus' fin' it, even if de win'  
is high

He can never show hese'f on de Coo Coo  
Cache again

Till he bring dat silver w'issle an' de chain  
it 's hangin' by.

So he sen' heem on hees journey never knowin'  
he come back

T'roo de rough an' stormy wedder, t'roo de  
pile of dreefin' snow

" Wat 's de use of bein' Injun if you can't  
smell out de track ? "

Dat 's de way de boss is talkin', an' poor  
Johnnie have to go.

If you want to hear de musique of de nort' win'  
as it blow

An' lissen to de hurricane an' learn de way  
it sing

An' feel how small de man is w'en he 's  
leevin' here below,

You should try it on de shaintee w'en she 's  
doin' all dem t'ing !

W'at 's dat soun' lak somet'ing ciyin' all  
aroun' us ev'ryw'ere ?

We never hear no tonder upon de winter  
storm !

Dey 're shoutin' to each oder dem voices on  
de air,

An' it 's red hot too de stove pipe, but no  
wan 's feelin' warm !

“Get out an’ go de woodpile before I freeze  
to deat’ ”

Cyprien de boss is yellin’ an’ he ’s lookin’  
cole an’ w’ite

Lak dead man on de coffin, but no wan go,  
you bet,

For if it ’s near de woodpile, ’t is n’t close  
enough to-night!

Non! we ain’t afraid of not’ing, but we don’t  
lak takin’ chance,

An’ w’en we hear de spirit of de wil’ A-ben-  
a-kee

Singin’ war song on de chimley, makin’ all dem  
Injun dance

Raisin’ row dere, you don’t ketch us on no  
woodpile—no siree!

O! de lonesome night we ’re passin’ w’ile  
we ’re stayin’ on dat place!

An’ ev’rybody sheever w’en Jimmie Char-  
bonneau

Say he ’s watchin’ on de winder an’ he see de  
Injun face

An’ it ’s lookin’ so he tole us, jus’ de sam’  
as Windigo.

Den again mese’f I ’m hearin’ somet’ing  
callin’, an’ it soun’

Lak de voice of leetle Johnnie so I ’m  
passin’ on de door

But dé pine stump on de clearin' wit' de w'ite  
sheet all aroun'

Mak' me t'ink of churchyar' tombstone, an'  
I can't go dere no more.

Wat 's de reason we 're so quiet w'ile our  
heart she 's goin' fas'

W'y is no wan ax de question? dat we 're  
all afraid to spik?

Was it wing of flyin' wil' bird strek de winder  
as it pass,

Or de sweesh of leetle snow-ball w'en de win'  
is playin' trick?

W'en we buil' de Coo Coo shaintee, she 's as  
steady as a rock,

Did you feel de shaintee shakin' de sam,  
she's goin' to fall?

Dere 's somet'ing on de doorway! an' now we  
hear de knock

An' up above de hurricane we hear de w'issle  
call.

Callin', callin' lak a bugle, an' he 's jompin' up  
de boss

From hees warm bed on de corner an' open  
wide de door—

Dere 's no use foller affer for Cyprien is los'  
An' de Coo Coo Cache an' shaintee he 'll  
never see no more.

At las' de morning 's comin', an' storm is blow  
away

An' outside on de shaintee young Jimmie  
Charbonneau

He 's seein' track of snowshoe, 'bout de size of  
double sleigh

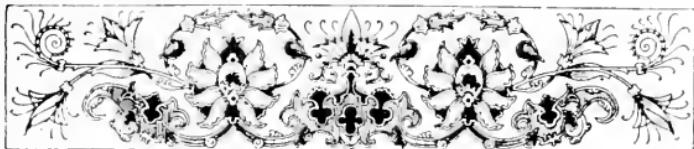
Dere 's no mistak' it 's makin' by de spirit  
Windigo.

An' de leetle Injun Johnnie, he 's all right I  
onderstan'

For you 'll fin' heem up de reever above de  
Coo Coo Cache

Ketchin' mink and ketchin' beaver, an' he 's  
growin' great beeg man

But dat 's de las' we 're hearin' of Cyprien  
Palache.



## National Policy

OUR fader lef' ole France behin', dat 's  
many year ago,  
An' how we get along since den, wall! ev'ry  
body know,  
Few t'ousan' firse class familee was only come  
dat tam,  
An' now we got pure Canayens; t'ree million  
peop' bedamme!

Dat 's purty smart beez-nesse, I t'ink we done  
on Canadaw,  
An' we don't mak' no grande hooraw, but do  
it tranquillement  
So if we 're braggin' now an' den, we mus' be  
excuzay,  
For no wan 's never see before de record bus'  
dat way.

An' w'y should we be feel ashame, 'cos we  
have boy an' girl ?  
No matter who was come along, we 'll match  
agen de worl' ;  
Wit' plaintee boy lak w'at we got no danger  
be afraid,  
An' all de girl she look too nice for never come  
ole maid.

If we have only small cor-nerre de sam' we  
have before  
W'en ole Champlain an' Jacques Cartier firse  
jomp upon de shore  
Dere 's no use hurry den at all, but now you  
understan'  
We got to whoop it up, ba gosh! for occupy  
de lan' !

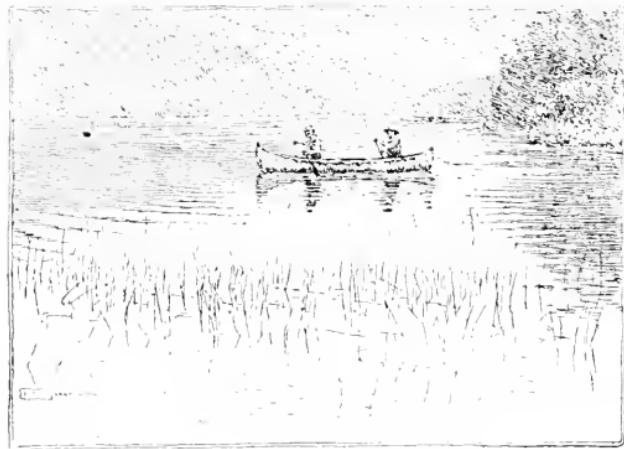
W'at 's use de million acre, w'at 's use de belle  
riviere,  
An' t'ing lak dat if we don't have somebody  
leevin' dere ?  
W'at 's mak' de worl' look out for us, an' kip  
de nation free  
Unless we 're raisin' all de tam some fine large  
familee ?

Don't seem so long we buil' dat road, Chemin  
de Pacifique,  
Tak' honder dollar pass on dere, an' nearly two  
t'ree week,  
Den look dat place it freeze so hard, on w'at  
you call Klon-dak,  
Wall! if we have to fill dem up, we got some  
large contrac'!

Of course we 're not doin' bad jus' now; so  
ev'rybody say,  
But we dunno de half we got on Canadaw to-  
day,  
An' still she 's comin' beeger, an' never mak'  
no fuss,  
So if we don't look out, firse t'ing, she 'll get  
ahead of us.

De more I t'ink, de more I 'm scare, de way  
she grow so fas',  
An' worse of all it 's hard to say how long de  
boom 'll las'  
But if she don't go slower an' ease up leetle  
bit,  
Bimeby de Canayens will be some dead bird on  
de pit.

Den ev'ry body hip hooraw! an' sen' de  
familee  
Along de reever, t'roo de wood, an' on de  
grande prairie,  
Dat 's only way I 'm t'inkin' arrange de w'ole  
affaire  
An' mebbe affer w'ile dere won't be too moche  
lan' for spare.



## AUTUMN DAYS.

In dreams of the night I hear the call  
Of wild duck scudding across the lake,  
In dreams I see the old convent wall,  
Where Ottawa's waters surge and break.

But Hercule awakes me ere the sun  
Has painted the eastern skies with gold.  
Hercule! true knight of the rod and gun  
As ever lived in the days of old.

“ Arise! tho’ the moon hangs high above,  
The sun will soon usher in the day,  
And the southerly wind that sportsmen love  
Is blowing across St. Louis Bay.”

The wind is moaning among the trees,  
Along the shore where the shadows lie,  
And faintly borne on the fresh'ning breeze  
From yonder point comes the loon's wild cry.

Like diamonds flashing athwart the tide  
The dancing moonbeams quiver and glow,  
As out on the deep we swiftly glide  
To our distant Mecca, Ile Perrot.

Ile Perrot far to the southward lies,  
Pointe Claire on the lee we leave behind,  
And eager we gaze with longing eyes,  
For faintest sign of the deadly "blind."

Past the point where Ottawa's current flows—  
A league from St. Lawrence golden  
sands—  
Out in the bay where the wild grass grows  
We mark the spot where our ambush stands.

We enter it just as the crimson flush  
Of morn illuminates the hills with light,  
And patiently wait the first mad rush  
Of pinions soaring in airy flight.

A rustle of wings from over there,  
Where all night long on watery bed  
The flocks have slept—and the morning air  
Rings with the messenger of lead.

Many a pilgrim from far away  
Many a stranger from distant seas,  
Is dying to-day on St. Louis Bay,  
To requiem sung by the southern breeze.

And thus till the sound of the vesper bell  
Comes stealing o'er Ottawa's dusky stream,  
And the ancient light-house we know so well  
Lights up the tide with its friendly gleam.

Then up with the anchor and ply the oar,  
For homeward again our course must bear,  
Farewell to the " blind " by Ile Perrot's shore,  
And welcome the harbor of old Pointe Claire!



## Madeleine Vercheres

I'VE told you many a tale, my child, of the  
old heroic days  
Of Indian wars and massacre, of villages ablaze  
With savage torch, from Ville Marie to the  
Mission of Trois Rivieres  
But never have I told you yet, of Madeleine  
Vercheres.

Summer had come with its blossoms, and gaily  
the robin sang  
And deep in the forest arches the axe of the  
woodman rang  
Again in the waving meadows, the sun-browned  
farmers met  
And out on the green St. Lawrence, the fisher-  
man spread his net.

And so through the pleasant season, till the  
days of October came  
When children wrought with their parents, and  
even the old and lame

With tottering frames and footsteps, their  
feeble labors lent

At the gathering of the harvest le bon Dieu  
himself had sent.

For news there was none of battle, from the  
forts on the Richelieu

To the gates of the ancient city, where the  
flag of King Louis flew

All peaceful the skies hung over the seigneurie  
of Vercheres,

Like the calm that so often cometh, ere the  
hurricane rends the air.

And never a thought of danger had the  
Seigneur sailing away,

To join the soldiers of Carignan, where down  
at Quebec they lay,

But smiled on his little daughter, the maiden  
Madeleine,

And a necklet of jewels promised her, when  
home he should come again.

And ever the days passed swiftly, and careless  
the workmen grew

For the months they seemed a hundred, since  
the last war-bugle blew.

Ah! little they dreamt on their pillows, the  
farmers of Vercheres,  
That the wolves of the southern forest had  
scented the harvest fair.

Like ravens they quickly gather, like tigers  
they watch their prey  
Poor people! with hearts so happy, they sang  
as they toiled away.  
Till the murderous eyeballs glistened, and the  
tomahawk leaped out  
And the banks of the green St. Lawrence  
echoed the savage shout.

“ Oh mother of Christ have pity,” shrieked  
the women in despair  
“ This is no time for praying,” cried the young  
Madeleine Vercheres,  
“ Aux armes! aux armes! les Iroquois! quick  
to your arms and guns  
Fight for your God and country and the lives  
of the innocent ones.”

And she sped like a deer of the mountain, when  
beagles press close behind  
And the feet that would follow after, must be  
swift as the prairie wind.

Alas! for the men and women, and little ones  
that day  
For the road it was long and weary, and the  
fort it was far away.

But the fawn had outstripped the hunters, and  
the palisades drew near,  
And soon from the inner gateway the war-  
bugle rang out clear ;  
Gallant and clear it sounded, with never a note  
of despair,  
'T was a soldier of France's challenge, from  
the young Madeleine Vercheres.

“ And this is my little garrison, my brothers  
Louis and Paul ?  
With soldiers two—and a cripple ? may the  
Virgin pray for us all.  
But we 've powder and guns in plenty, and  
we 'll fight to the latest breath  
And if need be for God and country, die a  
brave soldier's death.

“ Load all the carabines quickly, and whenever  
you sight the foe  
Fire from the upper turret, and the loopholes  
down below.

Keep up the fire, brave soldiers, though the  
fight may be fierce and long  
And they 'll think our little garrison is more  
than a hundred strong."

So spake the maiden Madeleine, and she roused  
the Norman blood  
That seemed for a moment sleeping, and sent  
it like a flood  
Through every heart around her, and they  
fought the red Iroquois  
As fought in the old time battles, the soldiers  
of Carignan.

And they say the black clouds gathered, and a  
tempest swept the sky  
And the roar of the thunder mingled with the  
forest tiger's cry  
But still the garrison fought on, while the  
lightning's jagged spear  
Tore a hole in the night's dark curtain, and  
showed them a foeman near.

And the sun rose up in the morning, and the  
color of blood was he  
Gazing down from the heavens on the little  
company.

“Behold! my friends!” cried the maiden, “ ‘t is  
a warning lest we forget  
Though the night saw us do our duty, our  
work is not finished yet.”

And six days followed each other, and feeble  
her limbs became  
Yet the maid never sought her pillow, and the  
flash of the carabines’ flame  
Illumined the powder-smoked faces, aye, even  
when hope seemed gone  
And she only smiled on her comrades, and told  
them to fight, fight on.

And she blew a blast on the bugle, and lo!  
from the forest black  
Merrily, merrily ringing, an answer came peal-  
ing back  
Oh! pleasant and sweet it sounded, borne on  
the morning air,  
For it heralded fifty soldiers, with gallant De  
la Monniere.

And when he beheld the maiden, the soldier  
of Carignan,  
And looked on the little garrison that fought  
the red Iroquois

And held their own in the battle, for six long weary days,  
He stood for a moment speechless, and mar-  
velled at woman's ways.

Then he beckoned the men behind him and steadily they advance  
And with carabines uplifted, the veterans of France  
Saluted the brave young Captain so timidly standing there  
And they fired a volley in honor of Madeleine Vercheres.

And this, my dear, is the story of the maiden Madeleine  
God grant that we in Canada may never see again  
Such cruel wars and massacres, in waking or in dream  
As our fathers and mothers saw, my child, in the days of the old regime.



## The Rose Delima

YOU can sew heem up in a canvas sack,  
An' t'row heem over boar'  
You can wait till de ship she 's comin' back  
Den bury heem on de shore  
For dead man w'en he 's dead for sure,  
Ain't good for not'ing at all  
An' he 'll stay on de place you put heem  
Till he hear dat bugle call  
Dey say will soun' on de las', las' day  
W'en ev'ry t'ing 's goin' for pass away,  
But down on de Gulf of St. Laurent  
W'ere de sea an' de reever meet  
An' off on St. Pierre de Miquelon,  
De chil'ren on de street  
Can tole you story of Pierre Guillaume,  
De sailor of St. Yvonne  
Dat 's bringin' de Rose Delima home  
Affer he 's dead an' gone.

---

He was stretch heem on de bed an' he could  
n't raise hees head

So dey place heem near de winder w'ere he  
can look below,  
An' watch de schooner lie wit' her topmas' on  
de sky,  
An' oh! how mad it mak' heem, ole Cap-  
tinne Baribeau.

For she 's de fines' boat dat never was afloat  
From de harbour of St. Simon to de shore of  
New-fun-lan'  
She can almos' dance a reel, an' de sea shell on  
her keel  
Wall! you count dem very easy on de finger  
of your han'.

But de season 's flyin' fas', an' de fall is nearly  
pas'  
An' de leetle Rose Delima she 's doin' not-  
'ing dere  
Only pullin' on her chain, an' wishin' once  
again  
She was w'ere de black fish tumble, an' jomp  
upon de air.

But who can tak' her out, for she 's got de  
tender mout'  
Lak a trotter on de race-course dat 's mebbe  
run away

If he 's not jus' handle so—an' ole Captinne  
Baribeau  
Was de only man can sail her, dat 's w'at  
dey often say.

An' now he 's lyin' dere, w'ere de breeze is  
blow hees hair  
An' he 's hearin' ev'ry morning de Rose  
Delima call,  
Sayin', " Come along wit' me, an' we 'll off  
across de sea,  
For I 'm lonesome waitin' for you, Captinne  
Paul.

" On Anticosti shore we hear de breaker roar  
An' reef of Dead Man's Islan' too we know,  
But we never miss de way, no matter night or  
day,  
De Rose Delima schooner an' Captinne  
Baribeau."

De Captinne cry out den, so de house is shake  
again,  
" Come here! come here, an' quickly, ma  
daughter Virginie,  
An' let me hol' your han', for so long as I  
can stan'  
I 'll tak' de Rose Delima, an' sail her off to  
sea."

“ No, no, ma fader dear, you 're better stayin'  
here  
Till de cherry show her blossom on de  
spring,  
For de loon he 's flyin' sout' an' de fall is  
nearly out,  
W'en de wil' bird of de nort' is on de wing.

“ But fader dear, I know de man can go below  
Wit' leetle Rose Delima on St. Pierre de  
Miquelon  
Hees nam' is Pierre Guillaume, an' he 'll bring  
de schooner home  
Till she 's t'rowin' out her anchor on de port  
of St. Simon.”

“ Ha! Ha! ma Virginie, it is n't hard to see  
You lak dat smart young sailor man youse',  
I s'pose he love you too, but I tole you w'at  
I do  
W'en I have some leetle talk wit' heem  
mese'f.

“ So call heem up de stair”: an' w'en he 's  
stannin' dere,  
De Captinne say, “ Young feller, you see  
how sick I be ?  
De poor ole Baribeau has n't very much below  
Beside de Rose Delima, an' hees daughter  
Virginie.

" An' I know your fader well, he 's fine man  
too, Noël,

An' hees nam' was comin' offen on ma  
prayer—

An' if your sailor blood she 's only half as good  
You can sail de Rose Delima from here to  
any w'ere.

" You love ma Virginie ? wall ! if you promise  
me

You bring de leetle schooner safely home  
From St. Pierre de Miquelon to de port of St.  
Simon

You can marry on ma daughter, Pierre Guil-  
laume."

An' Pierre he answer den, " Ma fader was your  
frien'

An' it 's true your daughter Virginie I love,  
Dat schooner she 'll come home, or ma nam' 's  
not Pierre Guillaume

I swear by all de angel up above."

So de wil' bird goin' sout', see her shake de  
canvas out,

An' soon de Rose Delima she 's flyin' down  
de bay

An' poor young Virginie so long as she can see  
Kip watchin' on dat schooner till at las'  
she's gone away.

Ho! ho! for Gaspé cliff w'en de win' is blowin'  
stiff,

Ho! ho! for Anticosti w'ere bone of dead  
man lie!

De sailor cimetiere! God help de beeg ship dere  
If dey come too near de islan' w'en de wave  
she 's runnin' high.

It 's locky t'ing he know de way he ought to  
go

It 's locky too de star above, he know dem  
ev'ry wan

For God he mak' de star, was shinin' up so far,  
So he trus' no oder compass, young Pierre  
of St. Yvonne.

An' de schooner sail away pas' Wolf Islan' an'  
Cape Ray—

W'ere de beeg wave fight each oder roun' de  
head of ole Pointe Blanc

Only gettin' pleasan' win', till she tak' de  
canvas in

An' drop de anchor over on St. Pierre de  
Miquelon.

We 're glad to see some more, de girl upon de  
shore,

An' Jean Barbette was kipin' Hotel de Sans-  
souci

He 's also glad we come, 'cos we mak' de rafter  
hum;  
An' w'en we 're stayin' dere, ma foi! we  
spen' de monee free.

But Captinne Pierre Guillaume, might jus' as  
well be home,  
For he don't forget his sweetheart an' ole  
man Baribeau,  
An' so he stay on boar', an' fifty girl or more  
Less dey haul heem on de bowline, dey  
could n't mak' heem go.

Wall! we 're workin' hard an' fas', an' de  
cargo 's on at las'  
Two honder cask of w'isky, de fines' on de  
worl'!  
So good-bye to Miquelon, an' hooraw for St.  
Simon—  
An' au revoir to Jean Barbette, an' don't  
forget de girl.

You can hear de schooner sing, w'en she open  
out her wing  
So glad to feel de slappin' of de sea wave on  
her breas'  
She did n't los' no tam, but travel jus' de  
sam',  
As de small bird w'en he 's flyin' on de even-  
ing to hees nes'.

But her sail 's not blowin' out wit' de warm  
 breeze of de sout'  
 An' it 's not too easy tellin' w'ere de snow-  
 flake meet de foam  
 Stretchin' out on ev'ry side, all across de Gulf  
 so wide  
 W'en de nor'-eas' win' is chasin' de Rose  
 Delima home.

An' we 're flyin' once again pas' de Isle of  
 Madeleine  
 An' away for Anticosti we let de schooner  
 go  
 Lak a race-horse on de track, we could never  
 hol' her back—  
 She mebbe hear heem callin' her, ole Cap-  
 tinne Baribeau!

But we 're ketchin' it wan night w'en de star  
 go out of sight  
 For de storm dat 's waitin' for us, come be-  
 fore we know it 's dere—  
 An' it blow us near de coas' w'ere dey leev'  
 de sailor's ghos'  
 On de shore of Dead Man's Islan' till dey  
 almos' fill de air.

So de Captinne tak' de wheel, an' it mak' de  
 schooner feel

Jus' de sam' as ole man Baribeau is workin'  
dere hese'f

Well she know it 's life or deat', so she 's  
fightin' hard for breat'

For wit' all dem wave a chokin' her, it 's  
leetle she got lef'.

Den de beeges' sea of all, stannin' up dere lak  
a wall

Come along an' sweep de leetle Rose De-  
lima fore an' af'

An' above de storm a cry, " Help, mon Dieu!  
before I die."

An' dere 's no wan on de wheel house, an'  
we hear dem spirit laugh.

Dey 're lookin' for dead' man, an' dey 're  
shoutin' all dey can

Don't matter all de pile dey got dey want  
anoder wan—

An' now dey 're laughin' loud, for out of all  
de crowd

Dey got no finer sailor boy dan Pierre of St.  
Yvonne!

But look dere on de wheel! w'at 's dat was  
seem to steal

From now'ere, out of not'ing, till it reach de  
pilot's place

An' steer de rudder too, lak de Captinne used  
to do  
So lak' de Captinne's body, so lak de Cap-  
tinne's face.

But well enough we know de poor boy 's gone  
below,  
W'ere hees bone will join de oder on de  
place w'ere dead man be—  
An' we only see phantome of young Captinne  
Pierre Guillaume  
Dat sail de Rose Delima all night along de  
sea.

So we help heem all we can, kip de schooner  
off de lan'  
W'ere bad spirit work de current dat was  
pullin' us inside—  
But we fool dem all at las', an' we know de  
danger 's pas'  
W'en de sun come out an' fin' us floatin'  
on de morning tide.

So de Captinne's work is done, an' nex' day de  
schooner run  
Wit' de sail all hangin' roun' her, to de port  
of St. Simon.

Dat 's de way young Pierre Guillaume bring  
de Rose Delima home  
T'roo de wil' an' stormy wedder from St.  
Pierre de Miquelon.

An' de leetle Virginie never look upon de sea  
Since de tam de Rose Delima 's comin'  
home,  
For she 's lef' de worl' an' all! but behin' de  
convent wall  
She don't forget her fader an' poor young  
Pierre Guillaume.



## LITTLE MOUSE

GET along leetle mouse, kick de snow up  
behin' you  
For it's fine winter road we 're travel to-  
night  
Wit' de moon an' de star shinin' up on de sky  
dere  
W'y it 's almos' de sam' as de broad day  
light.

De bell roun' your body it 's quick tune dey 're  
playin'  
But your foot 's kipin' tam jus' as steady  
can be,  
Ah! you dance youse'f crazy if only I let you,  
Ma own leetle pony—petite souris.

You 'member w'en firse we be tryin' for broke  
you

An' Joe Sauvageau bet hees two dollar bill  
He can drive you alone by de bridge on de  
reever

An' down near de place w'ere dey got de  
beeg mill.

An' it 's new cariole too, is come from St.  
Felix

Jo-seph 's only buyin' it week before,  
An' w'en he is passin' de road wit' hees trotter  
Ev'ry body was stan' on de outside door.

An' dere he sit, sam' he don't care about  
not'ing

Hees foot on de dashboar', hees han' on de  
line

Ev'ry dog on de place is come out for barkin'  
An' all de young boy he was ronnin' behin'.

Wall! sir, Joe 's put on style leetle soon for  
hees pleasure

For w'en de mill w'issle, you jomp lak de  
cat

An' nex' t'ing poor Joe is commencin' get  
busy,

Non! I never see fine run-away lak dat.

'Way go de pony den—'way go de cariole,  
 Poor Joe say, "good-bye" on de foot of de  
 hill  
 An' all he can see of de sleigh de nex' morning  
 Is jus' about pay for hees two dollar bill.

Ah! your right nam' jus' den should be leetle  
 devil  
 An' not leetle mouse, de sam' you have now.  
 Wall! dat 's long ago, an' you 're gettin' more  
 quiet  
 Since tam you was never done kickin' de  
 row.

But I 'm not very sorry de firse day I see you  
 Settle down on de trot lak your fader he get  
 W'en he beat Sorel Boy on de ice at T'ree  
 Reever  
 Bes' two on t'ree heat, an' win all de bet.

Your moder she 's come off de Lachapelle stock  
 too  
 Ole Canayen blood from Berthier en haut  
 De bes' kin' of horse never look on de halter  
 So it is n't moche wonder you know how to  
 go.

Dat 's church bell we 're hearin' off dere on de  
 hillside

Get along leetle mouse, for we must n't be  
late,  
Fin' your way t'roo de res' of dem crowdin' de  
roadside  
You 'll never get better chance showin' your  
gait.

• • • • •  
Wall! church is all over, an' Josephine 's comin'  
For drive wit' us home on her gran'moder's  
house  
So tak' your own tam an' don't be on de hurry  
Your slowes' gait 's quick enough now, leetle  
mouse.

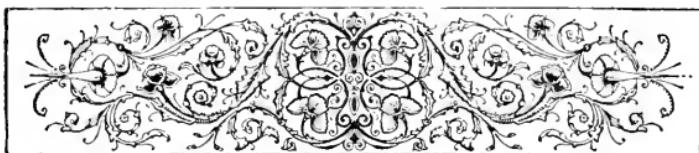


## Strathcona's Horse

(Dedicated to Lord Strathcona.)

O I was thine, and thou wert mine, and  
ours the boundless plain,  
Where the winds of the North, my gallant  
steed, ruffled thy tawny mane,  
But the summons hath come with roll of drum,  
and bugles ringing shrill,  
Startling the prairie antelope, the grizzly of the  
hill.  
'T is the voice of Empire calling, and the child-  
ren gather fast  
From every land where the cross bar floats out  
from the quivering mast;  
So into the saddle I leap, my own, with bridle  
swinging free,  
And thy hoofbeats shall answer the trumpets  
blowing across the sea.  
Then proudly toss thy head aloft, nor think of  
the foe to-morrow,  
For he who dares to stay our course drinks  
deep of the Cup of Sorrow.

Thy form hath pressed the meadow's breast,  
    where the sullen grey wolf hides,  
The great red river of the North hath cooled  
    thy burning sides;  
Together we 've slept while the tempest swept  
    the Rockies' glittering chain;  
And many a day the bronze centaur hath gal-  
    loped behind in vain.  
But the sweet wild grass of mountain pass, and  
    the shimmering summer streams  
Must vanish forevermore, perchance, into the  
    land of dreams;  
For the strong young North hath sent us forth  
    to battlefields far away,  
And the trail that ends where Empire trends,  
    is the trail we ride to-day.  
But proudly toss thy head aloft, nor think of  
    the foe to-morrow,  
For he who bars Strathcona's Horse, drinks  
    deep of the Cup of Sorrow.



## Johnnie's First Moose

**D**E cloud is hide de moon, but dere 's plain-  
tee light above,  
Steady Johnnie, steady—kip your head down  
low,  
Move de paddle leetle quicker, an' de ole canoe  
we 'll shove  
    T'roo de water nice an' quiet  
    For de place we 're goin' try it  
    Is beyon' de silver birch dere  
    You can see it lak a church dere  
W'en we 're passin' on de corner w'ere de lily  
flower grow.

Was n't dat correc' w'at I 'm tolin' you jus'  
now ?  
Steady Johnnie, steady—kip your head down  
low,  
Never min', I 'll watch behin' — me — an' you  
can watch de bow  
    An' you 'll see a leetle clearer  
    W'en canoe is comin' nearer—

Dere she is—now easy, easy,  
For de win' is gettin' breezy,  
An' we don't want not'ing smell us, till de  
horn begin to blow—

I remember long ago w'en ma fader tak' me out,  
Steady Johnnie, steady—kip your head down  
low,  
Jus' de way I 'm takin' you, sir, hello! was  
dat a shout?

Seems to me I t'ink I 'm hearin'  
Somet'ing stirrin' on de clearin'  
W'ere it stan' de lumber shaintee,  
If it 's true, den you 'll have plaintee  
Work to do in half a minute, if de moose don't  
start to go.

An' now we 're on de shore, let us hide de ole  
canoe,  
Steady Johnnie, steady—kip your head down  
low,  
An' lie among de rushes, dat 's bes' t'ing we  
can do,  
For de ole boy may be closer  
Dan anybody know, sir,  
An' look out you don't be shakin'  
Or de bad shot you 'll be makin'  
But I 'm feelin' sam' way too, me, w'en I  
was young, also—

110      Johnnie's First Moose

You ready for de call ? here goes for number  
wan,

Steady Johnnie, steady—kip your head down  
low,

Did you hear how nice I do it, an' how it  
travel on

Till it reach across de reever

Dat 'll geev' some moose de fever!

Wait now, Johnnie, don't you worry,

No use bein' on de hurry,

But lissen for de answer, it 'll come before you  
know.

For w'y you jomp lak dat ? w'at 's matter wit'  
your ear ?

Steady, Johnnie, steady—kip your head down  
low—

Tak' your finger off de trigger, dat was only  
bird you hear,

Can't you tell de pine tree crickin'

Or de boule frog w'en he 's spikin' ?

Don't you know de grey owl singin'

From de beeg moose w'en he 's ringin'

Out hees challenge on de message your ole  
gran'fader blow ?

You 're lucky boy to-night, wit' hunter man  
lak me !

Steady, Johnnie, steady—kip your head down  
low—

## Johnnie's First Moose      111

Can tole you all about it! H-s-s-h! dat 's  
somet'ing now I see,

Dere he 's comin' t'roo de bushes,  
So get down among de rushes,  
Hear heem walk! I t'ink, by tonder,  
He mus' go near fourteen honder!

Dat 's de feller I been watchin' all de evening,  
I dunno.

I 'll geev' anoder call, jus' a leetle wan or  
two,

Steady, Johnnie, steady—kip your head down  
low—

W'en he see dere 's no wan waitin' I wonder  
w'at he 'll do ?

But look out for here he 's comin'  
Sa-pris-ti! ma heart is drummin'!

You can never get heem nearer  
An' de moon is shinin' clearer,

W'at a fine shot you 'll be havin'! now  
Johnnie let her go!

Bang! bang! you got heem sure! an' he 'll  
never run away

Nor feed among de lily on de shore of Wes-  
sonneau,

So dat 's your firse moose Johnnie! wall! re-  
member all I say—

112      Johnnie's First Moose

Does n't matter w'at you 're chasin',  
Does n't matter w'at you 're facin',  
Only watch de t'ing you 're doin'  
    If you don't, ba gosh! you 're ruin!  
An' steady, Johnnie, steady—kip your head  
    down low.



## The Old Pine Tree

(Dedicated to the St. George Snowshoe Club.)

“ **L**ISTEN my child,” said the old pine tree, to the little one nestling near,  
“ For the storm clouds troop together to-night,  
and the wind of the north I hear  
And perchance there may come some echo of  
the music of long ago,  
The music that rang when the White Host  
sang, marching across the snow.”

“ Up and away Saint George! up thro’ the  
mountain gorge,  
Over the plain where the tempest blows, and  
the great white flakes are flying  
Down the long narrow glen! faster my merry  
men,  
Follow the trail, tho’ the shy moon hides, and  
deeply the drifts are lying.”

“ Ah! mother,” the little pine tree replied,  
“ you are dreaming again to-night

Of ghostly visions and phantom forms that for-  
ever mock your sight  
'T is true the moan of the winter wind comes  
to my list'ning ear  
But the White Host marching, I cannot see,  
and their music I cannot hear."

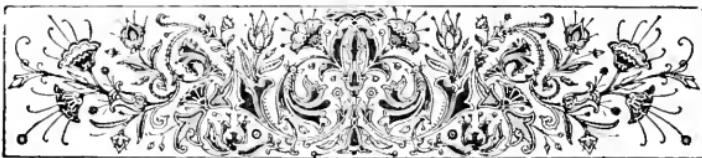
" When the northern skies were all aflame  
where the trembling banners swung,  
When up in the vaulted heavens the moon of  
the Snow Shoe hung,  
When the hurricane swept the hillside, and the  
crested drifts ran high  
Those were the nights," said the old pine tree,  
" the great White Host marched by."

And the storm grew fiercer, fiercer, and the  
snow went hissing past,  
But the little pine tree still listened, till she  
heard above the blast  
The music her mother loved to hear in the  
nights of the long ago  
And saw in the forest the white-clad Host  
marching across the snow.

And loud they sang as they tramped along of  
the glorious bygone days  
When valley and hill re-echoed the snow-  
shoer's hymn of praise

Till the shy moon gazed down smiling, and the  
north wind paused to hear  
And the old pine tree felt young again as the  
little one nestling near.

“ Up and away Saint George! up thro’ the  
mountain gorge.  
Over the plain where the tempest blows, and  
the great white flakes are flying.  
Down the long narrow glen! faster my merry  
men.  
Follow the trail, tho’ the shy moon hides, and  
deeply the drifts are lying.”



## Little Bateese

YOU bad leetle boy, not moche you care  
How busy you 're kipin' your poor gran'-  
pere

Tryin' to stop you ev'ry day  
Chasin' de hen aroun' de hay—  
W'y don't you geev' dem a chance to lay ?  
Leetle Bateese !

Off on de fiel' you foller de plough  
Den w'en you 're tire you scare de cow  
Sickin' de dog till dey jomp de wall  
So de milk ain't good for not'ing at all—  
An' you 're only five an' a half dis fall,

Leetle Bateese !

Too sleepy for sayin' de prayer to-night ?  
Never min' I s'pose it 'll be all right  
Say dem to-morrow—ah ! dere he go !  
Fas' asleep in a minute or so—  
An' he 'll stay lak dat till de rooster crow,  
Leetle Bateese !

Den wake us up right away toute suite  
Lookin' for somet'ing more to eat,  
Makin' me t'ink of dem long leg crane  
Soon as dey swaller, dey start again,  
I wonder your stomach don't get no pain,  
Leetle Bateese!

But see heem now lyin' dere in bed,  
Look at de arm onderneat' hees head;  
If he grow lak dat till he 's twenty year  
I bet he 'll be stronger dan Louis Cyr  
An' beat all de voyageurs leevin' here,  
Leetle Bateese!

Jus' feel de muscle along hees back,  
Won't geev' heem moche bodder for carry pack  
On de long portage, any size canoe,  
Dere 's not many t'ing dat boy won't do  
For he 's got double-joint on hees body too,  
Leetle Bateese!

But leetle Bateese! please don't forget  
We rader you 're stayin' de small boy yet,  
So chase de chicken an' mak' dem scare  
An' do w'at you lak wit' your ole gran'pere  
For w'en you 're beeg feller he won't be dere—  
Leetle Bateese!



## Donal' Campbell

DONAL' CAMPBELL  
—Donal' Bane—  
sailed away across the  
ocean

With the tartans of Clan  
Gordon, to the Indies'  
distant shore,

But on Dargai's lonely hill-  
side, Donal' Campbell  
met the foeman,

And the glen of Athol  
Moray will never see him more!

O! the wailing of the women, O! the storm of  
bitter sorrow

Sweeping like the wintry torrent thro' Athol  
Moray's glen

When the black word reached the clansmen,  
that young Donal' Bane had fallen

In the red glare of the battle, with the gallant  
Gordon men!

Far from home and native sheiling, with the  
sun of India o'er him  
Blazing down its cruel hatred on the white-  
faced men below  
Stood young Donal' with his comrades, like the  
hound of ghostly Fingal  
Eager, waiting for the summons to leap up  
against the foe—

Hark! at last! the pipes are pealing out the  
welcome Caber Feidh  
And wild the red blood rushes thro' every  
Highland vein  
They breathe the breath of battle, the children  
of the Gael,  
And fiercely up the hillside, they charge and  
charge again—

And the grey eye of the Highlands, now is  
dark as blackest midnight,  
The history of their fathers is written on each  
face,  
Of border creach and foray, of never yielding  
conflict  
Of all the memories shrouding a stern uncon-  
quered race!

And up the hillside, up the mountain, while  
the war-pipes shrilly clamour

Bayonet thrusting, broadsword cleaving, the  
Northern soldiers fought  
Till the sun of India saw them victors o'er the  
dusky foemen,  
For who can stay the Celtic hand when Celtic  
blood is hot ?

But the corse of many a clansman from the far-  
off Scottish Highlands  
'Mid the rocks of savage Dargai is lying cold  
and still  
With the death-dew on its forehead, and young  
Donal' Campbell's tartan  
Bears a deeper stain of purple than the heather  
of the hill !

Mourn him ! Mourn him thro' the mountains,  
wail him women of Clan Campbell !  
Let the Coronach be sounded till it reach the  
Indian shore  
For your beautiful has fallen in the foremost  
of the battle  
And the glen of Athol Moray will never see  
him more !



## The Dublin Fusilier

HERE 'S to you, Uncle Kruger! slainté!  
an' slainté galore.

You 're a dacint ould man, begorra; never  
mind if you are a Boer.

So with heart an' a half ma bouchal, we 'll  
drink to your health to-night

For yourself an' your farmer sojers gave us a  
damn good fight.

I was dramin' of Kitty Farrell, away in the  
Gap o' Dunloe,

When the song of the bugle woke me, ringin'  
across Glencoe;

An' once in a while a bullet came pattherin'  
from above,

That tould us the big brown fellows were send-  
in' us down their love.

'T was a kind of an invitation, an' written in  
such a han'

That a Chinaman could n't refuse it—not to  
speak of an Irishman.

So the pickets sent back an answer. "We're comin' with right good will,"  
Along what they call the kopje, tho' to me it looked more like a hill.

"Fall in on the left," sez the captain, "my men of the Fusiliers;  
You'll see a great fight this morning—like you have n't beheld for years."  
"Faith, captain dear," sez the sergeant, "you can bet your Majuba sword  
If the Dutch is as willin' as we are, you never spoke truer word."

So we scrambled among the bushes, the boulders an' rocks an' all,  
Like the gauger's men still-huntin' on the mountains of Donegal;  
We doubled an' turned an' twisted the same as a hunted hare,  
While the big guns peppered each other over us in the air. \*

Like steam from the divil's kettle the kopje was bilin' hot,  
For the breeze of the Dutchman's bullets was the only breeze we got;

An' many a fine boy stumbled, many a brave  
lad died,  
When the Dutchman's message caught him  
there on the mountainside.

Little Nelly O'Brien, God help her! over  
there at ould Ballybay,  
Will wait for a Transvaal letter till her face an'  
her hair is grey,  
For I seen young Crohoore on a stretcher, an'  
I knew the poor boy was gone  
When I spoke to the ambulance doctor, an' he  
nodded an' then passed on.

"Steady there!" cried the captain, "we must  
halt for a moment here."  
An' he spoke like a man in trainin', full winded  
an' strong an' clear.  
So we threw ourselves down on the kopje,  
weary an' tired as death,  
Waitin' the captain's orders, waitin' to get a  
breath.

It 's strange all the humors an' fancies that  
comes to a man like me;  
But the smoke of the battle risin' took me  
across the sea—

It 's the mist of Benbo I 'm seein'; an' the  
 rock that we 'll capture soon  
 Is the rock where I shot the eagle, when I was  
 a small gossoon.

I close my eyes for a minute, an' hear my poor  
 mother say,  
 " Patrick, avick, my darlin', you 're surely **not**  
 goin' away  
 To join the red-coated sojers ? " — but the  
 blood in me was strong—  
 If your sire was a Connaught Ranger, sure  
 where would his son belong ?

Hark! whisht! do you hear the music comin'  
 up from the camp below ?  
 An odd note or two when the Maxims take  
 breath for a second or so,  
 Liftin' itself on somehow, stealin' its way up  
 here,  
 Knowin' there 's waitin' to hear it, many an  
 Irish ear.

Augh! Garryowen! you 're the jewel! an' we  
 charged on the Dutchman's guns,  
 An' covered the bloody kopje, like a Galway  
 greyhound runs,

At the top of the hill they met us, with faces  
all set and grim;  
But they could n't take the bayonet—that 's  
the trouble with most of them.

So of course, they 'll be praisin' the Royals  
an' men of the Fusiliers,  
An' the newspapers help to dry up the widows  
an' orphans' tears,  
An' they 'll write a new name on the colors—  
that is, if there 's room for more  
An' we 'll follow them thro' the battle, the same  
as we 've done before.

But here 's to you, Uncle Kruger! slainté! an'  
slainté galore.  
After all, your 're a dacint Christian, never  
mind if you are a Boer.  
So with heart an' a half, ma bouchal, we 'll  
drink to your health to-night,  
For yourself an' your brown-faced Dutchmen  
gave us a damn good fight.



**B**ORD á Plouffe, Bord á Plouffe,  
W'at do I see w'en I dream of you ?  
A shore w'ere de water is racin' by,  
A small boy lookin', an' wonderin' w'y  
He can't get fedder for goin' fly  
Lak de hawk makin' ring on de summer sky.  
Dat 's w'at I see.

Bord á Plouffe, Bord á Plouffe,  
W'at do I hear w'en I dream of you?  
Too many t'ing for sleepin' well!  
De song of de ole tam cariole bell,  
De voice of dat girl from Sainte Angèle  
(I geev' her a ring was mark " fidèle ")  
Dat 's w'at I hear.

Bord á Plouffe, Bord á Plouffe,  
W'at do I smoke w'en I dream of you ?

Havana cigar from across de sea,  
An' get dem for not'ing too ? No siree !  
Dere 's only wan kin' of tabac for me.  
An' it grow on de Rivière des Prairies—  
    Dat 's w'at I smoke.

Bord á Plouffe, Bord á Plouffe,  
How do I feel w'en I t'ink of you ?  
Sick, sick for de ole place way back dere—  
An' to sleep on ma own leetle room·upstair  
W'ere de ghos' on de chimley mak' me scare  
I 'd geev' more monee dan I can spare—  
    Dat 's how I feel.

Bord á Plouffe, Bord á Plouffe,  
W'at will I do w'en I 'm back wit' you ?  
I 'll buy de farm of Bonhomme Martel,  
Long tam he 's been waitin' a chance to sell,  
Den pass de nex' morning on Sainte Angèle,  
An' if she 's not marry—dat girl—very well,  
    Dat 's w'at I 'll do.



## The Old Sexton.

+

I KNOW very well t' was purty hard case  
If dere 's not on de worl' some beeger place  
Dan village of Cote St. Paul,  
But we got mebbe sixty-five house or more  
Wit' de blacksmit' shop an' two fine store  
Not to speak of de church an' de city hall.

An' of course on village lak dat you fin'  
Some very nice girl if you have a min'  
To look aroun', an' we got dem too—  
But de fines' of all never wear a ring,  
Since firse I 'm t'inkin' of all dem t'ing,  
Was daughter of ole Narcisse Beaulieu.

Narcisse he 's bedeau on de beeg church dere,  
He also look affer de presbytere,  
An' leev on de house close by,

On Sunday he 's watchin' de leetle boys,  
Stoppin' dem kickin' up too much noise,  
An' he bury de peop' w'en dey 're comin' die.

So dat 's w'at he do, Narcisse Beaulieu,  
An' it 's not very easy I 'm tolin' you,  
But a purty large heavy load,  
For on summer de cow she was run aroun'  
An' eat all de flower on de Curé's groun'  
An' before he can ketch her, p-s-s-t! she 's  
down de road.

Dat 's not'ing at all, for w'en winter come  
Narcisse got plaintee more work, ba gum!  
Shovellin' snow till hees back was sore,  
Makin' some track for de horse an' sleigh,  
Kipin' look out dey don't run away,  
An' freezin' outside on de double door.

But w'enever de vault on de church is fill  
Wit' de peop' was waitin' down dere ontill  
Dey can go on de cimetière,  
For fear dem student will come aroun'  
An' tak' de poor dead folk off to town  
Narcisse offen watch for dem all night dere.

An' de girl Josephine she 's her fader's pet,  
He never see nobody lak her yet,  
So w'en he 's goin' on St. Jerome

For travel about on some leetle tour  
An' lef' her alone on de house, I 'm sure  
De house she 's all right w'en he 's comin'  
home.

Wall! nearly t'ree year is come an' go,  
De quietes' year de village know,  
For dem student don't show hees face,  
An' de peop' is beginnin' to ax w'at for  
Dey 're alway goin' on Ile Bizard  
An' never pass on our place.

But it 's bully tam for de ole Narcisse,  
An' w'en he 's lettin' heem go de pries'  
For stay away two t'ree day  
He t'ink of course it was purty good chance,  
So he buy heem new coat an' pair of pants,  
An' go see hees frien' noder side de bay.

An' dat very sam' night, ba gosh! it seem  
De girl 's not dreamin' some pleasan' dream  
For she visit de worse place never seen  
Down on T'ree Reever, an' near Kebeck  
W'ere robber-man's chokin' her on de neck—  
De poor leetle Josephine!

So she 's risin' up den and she tak' de gun  
An' off on de winder she quickly run  
For fear she might need a shot  
An' dem student he 's comin' across de square

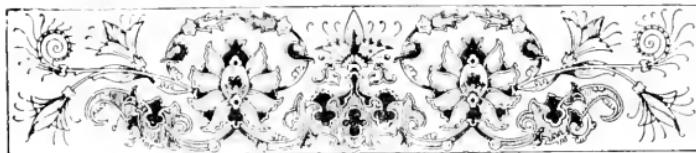
Right on de front of de cimetière  
An' carryin' somet'ing—you know w'at!

So she 's takin' good aim on de beeges' man  
An' pull de trigger de hard she can,  
An' he 's yellin' an' down he go,  
Hees frien' dey say not'ing, but clear out quick,  
Dat 's way Josephine she was playin' trick  
On feller was treatin' poor dead folk so!

Den she kick up a row an' begin to feel  
Very sorry right off for de boy she keel  
An' de nex' t'ing she 's startin' cry  
An' call on her fader an' moder too,  
Poor leetle Josephine Beaulieu,  
An' wishin' she 'd lak to die.

But she did n't die den, an' he 's leevin' yet—  
Dat feller was comin' so near hees deat'—  
For she 's nursin' heem back to life,  
Dey 're feexin' it someway, I dunno how,  
But dey 're marry an' leev' in de city now  
An' she 's makin' heem firse class wife.

An' Narcisse hese'f he was alway say,  
" It 's fonny t'ing how it come dat way  
But I 'm not very sorry at all,  
Course I know ma son he 's not doin' right,  
But man he was haulin' aroun' dat night  
Is worse ole miser on Cote St. Paul."



## Child Thoughts

WRITTEN TO COMMEMORATE THE ANNIVERSARY OF MY BROTHER TOM'S BIRTHDAY

O MEMORY, take my hand to-day  
And lead me thro' the darkened bridge  
Washed by the wild Atlantic spray  
And spanning many a wind-swept ridge  
Of sorrow, grief, of love and joy,  
Of youthful hopes and manly fears!  
O! let me cross the bridge of years  
And see myself again a boy!

The shadows pass—I see the light,  
O morning light, how clear and strong!  
My native skies are smiling bright,  
No more I grope my way along,  
It comes, the murmur of the tide  
Upon my ear—I hear the cry  
Of wandering sea birds as they fly  
In trooping squadrons far and near.

The breeze that blows o'er Mullaghmore  
I feel against my boyish cheek

The white-walled huts that strew the shore  
From Castlega to old Belleek,  
The fisher folk of Donegal,  
Kindly of heart and strong of arm,  
Who plough the ocean's treacherous farm,  
How plainly I behold them all!

The thrush's song, the blackbird's note,  
The wren within the hawthorn hedge,  
The robin's swelling vibrant throat,  
The leveret crouching in the sedge!  
In those dear days, ah! what was school?  
When Nature made our pulses thrill!  
The lessons we remember still  
Were learnt at Nature's own footstool!

“ The hounds are out! the beagles chase  
Along the slopes of Tawley's plain! ”  
I rise and follow in the race  
Till fox, or hare, or both are slain,  
With heart ablaze, I loose the reins  
Of all my childish fierce desire,  
My faith! 't is Ireland plants the fire  
And iron in her children's veins!

The mountain linnet whistles sweet  
Among the gorse of summer-time,  
As up the hill with eager feet  
The sun of morning sees me climb

Until at last I sink to rest  
Where heatherbells swing to the tune  
That Benbo breezes softly croon—  
A tired child on the mother's breast!

And now in wisdom's riper years,  
Ah, wisdom! what a price we pay  
Of sorrow, grief, of smiles and tears,  
Before we reach that wiser day!  
We meet to greet in joy and mirth  
The white-haired parent of us all  
Our childhood's memories to recall  
And bless the land that gave us birth.



## Bateeese and his Little Decoys

O I 'm very very tire Marie,  
I wonder if I 'm able hol' a gun  
An' me dat 's alway risin' wit' de sun  
An' travel on de water, an' paddle ma canoe  
An' trap de mink an' beaver de fall an' winter  
t'roo,  
But now I t'ink dat fun is gone forever.

Wall! I 'm mebbe stayin' long enough,  
For eighty-four I see it on de spring;  
Dough ma fader he was feelin' purty tough  
An' at ninety year can do mos' ev'ry t'ing,  
But I never know de feller, don't care how ole  
he come,  
Dat is n't sure to t'ink he 's got anoder year,  
ba gum!  
Before he lif' de anchor for de las' tam!

It 's not so easy lyin' on de bed,  
An' lissen to de wil' bird on de bay,  
Dey know dat poor Bateeese is nearly dead,  
Or dey would n't have such good fun ev'ry  
day!

Put ma gun upon de piller near de winder, jus'  
for luck,  
Den bring w'ere I can see dem, ma own nice  
leetle duck  
So I have some talk wit' dem mese'f dis  
morning.

Ah! dere you 're comin' now! mes beaux  
canards!

Dat 's very pleasan' day, an' how you feel?  
Of course you dunno w'at I want you for,  
Wall! lately I 've been t'inkin' a good deal  
Of all de fuss I 'm havin' show you w'at you  
ought to do  
W'en de cole win' of October de blin' is blow-  
ing t'roo  
An' de bluebill 's flyin' up an' down de reever.

O! de bodder I 'm havin' wit' you all!  
It 's makin' me feel ole before ma tam!  
Stan' over dere upon de right again de wall,  
Ma-dame Lapointe—I 'm geevin' you Ma-  
dame  
'Cos you walk aroun' de sam' way as ma cousin  
Aurelie  
An' lak youse'f she 's havin' de large large  
familee,  
Now let us see you don't forget your lesson!

Qu a-a-ck! you 're leetle hoarse to-day, don't  
you t'ink ?

Quack! quack! quack! dat 's right Mam-  
zelle Louise!

You go lak dat, an' quicker dan a wink,  
It 'll ring across de lake along de breeze,  
Till de wil' bird dey will lissen up de reever  
far an' near,

An' tole de noder wan too, de musique dey was  
hear

An' dey 'll fly aroun' our head before we know  
it.

Come here, Francois, an' min' you watch  
youse'f!

You can't forget de las' day we was out,  
Your breat' dere 's very leetle of it lef'

An' I tole you it was better shut your mout'  
W'en you start dat fancy yellin', for it soun'  
de sam' to me

Lak de devil he was goin' on de beeges' kin'  
of spree,

Francois! dat 's not de way for mak' de  
shootin'!

Wan—two—t'ree,—now let us hear you please,

It is n't very hard job if you try,  
Purten' you 're feelin' lonesome lak Louise

An' want to see de sweetheart bimeby,

Quack! quack! quack!  
 O! stop dat screechin', don't never spik no  
     more  
 For if anyt'ing, sapree, tonnerre! you 're worser  
     dan before,  
 I wonder w'at you do wit' all your schoolin'!

Come out from onderneat' de bed, Lisette,  
     I believe you was de fattes' of de lot;  
 It 's handy too of course, for you never feel de  
     wet,  
 An' w'en you lak to try it, O! w'at a voice  
     you got!  
 So let us play it 's blowin' hard, an' duck is up  
     de win'  
 An' you want to reach dem—sure—now we 're  
     ready for begin,  
 Hooraw! an' never min' de noise dat you 're  
     makin'.

Quack! quack! quack! quack! O! let me  
     tak' de gun  
 For I would n't be astonish w'en Lisette is  
     get de start,  
 Roun' de house dey 'll come a-flyin', an' den  
     we 'll have de fun!  
 Yass, yass, kip up de flappin', O! ain't  
     she got de heart!

Not many duck can beat her, an' I wish I had  
some more,  
Can mak' de song lak dat upon de water!

Dat 's very funny how it ketch de crowd!  
An' now dey 're goin, all de younger wan!  
But if you don't stop singin' out so loud,  
I 'm sorry I mus' tole you all begone,  
'Cos I want to go to sleep, for I 'm very very  
tire,  
An' de shiver 's comin' on me! so Marie poke  
up de fire  
An' mebbe I 'll feel better on de morning.

. . . . .

De leetle duck may call on de spring tam an'  
de fall  
W'en dey see de wil' bird flyin' on de air  
Dey may cry aroun' hees door, but he 'll never  
come no more  
For showin' dem de lesson! ole Jean Bateese  
Belair.



## Phil-o-Rum's Canoe

“ **O** MA ole canoe! w'at 's matter wit' you,  
an' w'y was you be so slow?  
Don't I work hard enough on de paddle, an'  
still you don't seem to go—  
No win' at all on de fronte side, an' current  
she don't be strong,  
Den w'y are you lak lazy feller, too sleepy for  
move along?

“ I 'member de tam w'en you jomp de sam' as  
deer wit' de wolf behin'  
An' brochet on de top de water, you scare  
heem mos' off hees min';  
But fish don't care for you now at all, only jus'  
mebbe wink de eye,  
For he know it 's easy git out de way w'en you  
was a passin' by.”

I 'm spikin' dis way jus' de oder day w'en I 'm  
out wit' de ole canoe,  
Crossin' de point w'ere I see las' fall wan very  
beeg caribou,

W'en somebody say, " Phil-o-rum, mon vieux,  
    wat 's matter wit' you youse'f ? "  
An' who do you s'pose was talkin' ? w'y de  
    poor ole canoe shese'f.

O yass, I 'm scare w'en I 'm sittin' dere, an'  
    she 's callin' ma nam' dat way:  
" Phil-o-rum Juneau, w'y you spik so moche,  
    you 're off on de head to-day  
Can't be you forget ole feller, you an' me  
    we 're not too young,  
An' if I 'm lookin' so ole lak you, I t'ink I  
    will close ma tongue.

" You should feel ashame; for you 're alway  
    blame, w'en it is n't ma fault at all  
For I 'm tryin' to do bes' I can for you on sum-  
    mer-tam, spring, an' fall.  
How often you drown on de reever if I 'm not  
    lookin' out for you  
W'en you 're takin' too moche on de w'isky  
    some night comin' down de Soo.

" De firse tam we go on de Wessoneau no fel-  
    ler can beat us den,  
For you 're purty strong man wit' de paddle,  
    but dat 's long ago ma frien',

An' win' she can blow off de mountain, an'  
 tonder an' rain may come,  
 But camp see us bote on de evening—you know  
 dat was true Phil-o-rum.

“ An' who 's your horse too, but your ole  
 canoe, an' w'en you feel cole an' wet  
 Who was your house w'en I 'm upside down  
 an' onder de roof you get,  
 Wit' rain ronnin' down ma back, Baptême! till  
 I 'm gettin' de rheumateez,  
 An' I never say not'ing at all, moi-même, but  
 let you do jus' you please.

“ You t'ink it was right, kip me out all night  
 on reever side down below,  
 An' even ' Bon Soir ' you was never say, but  
 off on de camp you go  
 Leffin' your poor ole canoe behin' lyin' dere  
 on de groun'  
 Watchin' de moon on de water, an' de bat  
 flyin' all aroun'.

“ O! dat 's lonesome t'ing hear de grey owl  
 sing up on de beeg pine tree  
 An' many long night she kip me awake till sun  
 on de eas' I see,

An' den you come down on de morning for  
start on some more voyage,  
An' only t'ing decen' you do all day is carry  
me on portage.

“ Dat 's way Phil-o-rum, rheumateez she  
come, wit' pain ronnin' troo ma side  
Wan leetle hole here, noder beeg wan dere, dat  
not'ing can never hide;  
Don't do any good fix me up agen, no matter  
how moche you try,  
For w'en we come ole an' our work she 's  
done, bote man an' canoe mus' die.”

“ Wall! she talk dat way mebbe mos' de day,  
till we 're passin' some beaver dam  
An' wan de young beaver he 's mak' hees tail  
come down on de water flam!  
I never see de canoe so scare, she jump nearly  
two, t'ree feet  
I t'ink she was goin' for ronne away, an' she  
shut up de mout' toute suite.

It mak' me feel queer, de strange t'ing I hear,  
an' I 'm glad she don't spik no more,  
But soon as we fin' ourse'f arrive over dere on  
de noder shore

I tak' dat canoe lak de lady, an' carry her off  
wit' me,  
For I 'm sorry de way I treat her, an' she  
know more dan me, sapree!

Yass! dat 's smart canoe, an' I know it 's true,  
w'at she 's spikin' wit' me dat day,  
I 'm not de young feller I use to be w'en work  
she was only play;  
An' I know I was comin' closer on place w'ere  
I mus' tak' care  
W'ere de mos' worse current 's de las' wan too,  
de current of Dead Riviere.

You can only steer, an' if rock be near, wit'  
wave dashin' all aroun',  
Better mak' leetle prayer, for on Dead Riviere  
some very smart man get drown;  
But if you be locky an' watch youse'f, mebbe  
reever won't seem so wide,  
An' firse t'ing you know you 'll ronne ashore,  
safe on de noder side.



## The Log Jam

DERE 's a beeg jam up de reever, w'ere  
rapide is runnin' fas',  
An' de log we cut las' winter is takin' it all  
de room;  
So boss of de gang is swearin', for not'ing at  
all can pass  
An' float away down de current till some-  
body break de boom.

“ Here 's for de man will tak' de job, holiday  
for a week  
Extra monee w'en pay day come, an' ten  
dollar suit of clothes.  
'T is n't so hard work run de log, if only you  
do it quick—  
W'ere 's de man of de gang den is ready  
to say, ' Here goes ? ' ”

Dere was de job for a feller, handy an' young  
an' smart,  
Willin' to tak' hees chances, willin' to risk  
hees life.

'Cos many a t'ing is safer, dan tryin' de boom  
 to start,  
 For if de log wance ketch you, dey 're cut-  
 tin' you lak a knife.

Aleck Lachance he lissen, an' answer heem  
 right away  
 " Marie Louise dat 's leevin' off on de shore  
 close by  
 She 's sayin' de word was mak' me mos' hap-  
 pies' man to-day  
 An' if you ax de reason I 'm ready to go,  
 dat 's w'y."

Pierre Delorme he 's spikin' den, an' O! but  
 he 's lookin' glad.  
 " Dis morning de sam' girl tole me, she mus'  
 say to me, ' Good-bye Pierre.'  
 So no wan can stop me goin', for I feel I was  
 comin' mad  
 An' wedder I see to-morrow, dat 's not'ing,  
 for I don't care."

Aleck Lachance was steady, he 's bully boy all  
 aroun',  
 Alway sendin' de monee to hees moder  
 away below,

Now an' den savin' a leetle for buyin' de house  
an' groun',  
An' never done t'inkin', t'inkin' of Marie  
Louise Lebeau.

Pierre was a half-breed feller, we call heem de  
grand Nor' Wes'—  
Dat is de place he 's leevin' w'en he work  
for de Compagnie,  
Dey say he 's marry de squaw dere, never min'  
about all de res'—  
An' affer he get hees monee, he 's de boy  
for de jamboree!

Ev'ry wan start off cheerin' w'en dey pass on  
de log out dere  
Jompin' about lak monkey, Aleck an' Pierre  
Delorme.  
Workin' de sam' as twenty, an' runnin' off  
ev'ryw'ere,  
An' busy on all de places, lak beaver before  
de storm.

Den we hear some wan shoutin', an' dere was  
dat crazy girl,  
Marie Louise, on de hillside, cryin' an' raisin'  
row.

Could n't do not'ing worser! mos' foolish t'ing  
on de worl'

For Pierre Delorme an' Aleck was n't  
workin' upon de scow.

Bote of dem turn aroun' dere w'en girl is com-  
mencin' cry,

Lak woman I wance remember, got los' on  
de bush t'ree day,

"Look how de log is movin'! I 'm seein' it  
wit' ma eye,

Come back out of all dem danger!" an' den  
she was faint away.

Ten year I been reever driver, an' mebbe  
know somet'ing too,

An' dere was n't a man don't watch for de  
minute dem log she go;

But never a word from de boss dere, stannin'  
wit' all hees crew,

So how she can see dem movin' don't ax  
me, for I dunno.

Hitch dem all up togeder, t'ousan' horse crazy  
mad—

Only a couple of feller for han'le dem ev'ry  
wan,

Scare dem wit' t'onder an' lightning, an' den 't  
is n't half so bad  
As log runnin' down de rapide, affer de  
boom she 's gone.

See dem nex' day on de basin, you t'ink dey  
was t'roo de fight  
Cut wit' de sword an' bullet, lyin' along de  
shore  
You 'd pity de log, I 'm sure, an' say 't was  
terrible sight  
But man goin' t'roo de sam' t'ing, you 'd  
pity dat man some more.

An' Pierre w'en he see dem goin' an' log jom-  
pin' up an' down  
De sign of de cross he 's makin' an' dive on  
de water dere,  
He know it 's all up hees chances, an' he rader  
be goin' drown  
Dan ketch by de rollin' timber, an' dat 's  
how he go, poor Pierre.

Aleck's red shirt is blazin' off w'ere we hear de  
log  
Crackin' away an' bangin', sam' as a honder  
gun,

Lak' sun on de morning tryin' to peep t'roo  
de reever fog—  
But Aleck's red shirt is redder dan ever I see  
de sun.

An' w'en dey 're tryin' wake her: Marie  
Louise Lebeau,  
On her neck dey fin' a locket, she 's kipin' so  
nice an' warm,  
An' dey 're tolin' de funny story, de funnies'  
I dunno—  
For de face, Baptême! dey see dere, was de  
half-breed Pierre Delorme!



## The Canadian Magpie

MO'S ev'rywan lak de robin  
An' it 's pleasan' for hear heem sing,  
Affer de winter 's over  
An' it 's comin' anoder spring.  
De snow 's hardly off de mountain  
An' it 's cole too among de pine  
But you know w'en he sing, de sout' win'  
Is crowdin' heem close behin'.

An' mebbe you hear de grosbec  
Sittin' above de nes'—  
An' you see by de way he 's goin'  
De ole man 's doin' hees bes'  
Makin' de wife an' baby  
Happy as dey can be—  
An' proud he was come de fader  
Such fine leetle familee.

De gouglou of course he 's nicer  
 Dan many de bird dat fly,  
 Dunno w'at we do widout heem,  
 But offen I wonder w'y  
 He can't stay quiet a minute  
 Lak res' of de small ciseaux  
 An' finish de song he 's startin'  
 Till whish! an' away he go!

Got not'ing to say agen dem,  
 De gouglou an' all de res'—  
 'Cept only dey lak de comfort,  
 An' come w'en it suit dem bes'—  
 For soon as de summer 's passin'  
 An' leaf is begin to fall—  
 You 'll walk t'roo de wood an' medder  
 An' never hear wan bird call.

But come wit' me on de winter  
 On place w'ere de beeg tree grow  
 De smoke of de log house chimley  
 Will tole you de way to go—  
 An' if you 're not too unlucky  
 De w'iskey jack dere you 'll see  
 Flyin' aroun' de shaintee  
 An' dat was de bird for me.

You 'll mebbe not lak hees singin'  
 Dough it 's better dan not'ing too,

For affer he do hees bes', den  
W'at more can poor Johnnie do ?  
It 's easy job sing on summer  
De sam' as de rossignol—  
But out of door on de winter  
Jus' try it youse'f—dat 's all.

See heem dere, now he 's comin'  
Hoppin' an' hoppin' aroun'  
W'en we start on de morning early  
For work till de sun go down—  
T'row heem hees piece of breakfas'  
An' hear heem say " merci bien,"  
For he 's fond of de pork, ba golly !  
Sam' as de Canayen.

De noise of de axe don't scare heem  
He stay wit' us all de day,  
An' w'en he was feelin' lak' it  
Ride home wit' de horse an' sleigh.  
Den affer we reach de shaintee  
He 's waitin' to see us back  
Jompin' upon de log dere  
Good leetle w'iskey jack !

So here 's to de bird of winter  
Wearin' de coonskin coat,  
W'enever it 's bird election  
You bet he can get ma vote—

Dat 's way I be feel about it,  
Voyageurs let her go today!  
W'iskey jack, get ready, we drink you  
Toujours à vot' bonne santé!  
Baptême!



## The Red Canoe

DE win' is sleepin' in de pine, but O! de  
night is black!

An' all day long de loon bird cry on Lac Waya-  
gamack—

No light is shinin' by de shore for helpin' steer  
heem t'roo

W'en out upon de night, Ubalde he tak' de  
red canoe.

I hear de paddle dip, dip, dip! wance more I  
hear de loon—

I feel de breeze was show de way for storm  
dat 's comin' soon,

An' den de sky fly open wit' de lightning  
splittin' t'roo—

An' 'way beyon' de point I see de leetle red  
canoe.

It 's dark again, but lissen how across Waya-  
gamack

De tonder 's roarin' loud, an' now de mount-  
ains answer back—

I wonder wit' de noise lak dat, he hear me, le  
bon Dieu  
W'en on ma knee I ax Heem save de leetle red  
canoe!

Is dat a voice, so far away, it die upon ma ear?  
Or only win' was foolin' me, an' w'isperin'  
" Belzemire " ?

Yaas, yaas, Ubalde, your Belzemire she 's  
prayin' hard for you—  
An' den again de lightning come, but w'ere 's  
de red canoe ?

. . . . .

Dey say I 'm mad, dem foolish folk, cos w'en  
de night is black

An' w'en de wave lak snow-dreef come on Lac  
Wayagamack

I tak' de place w'ere long ago we use to sit, us  
two,

An' wait until de lightning bring de leetle red  
canoe.



## Two Hundred Years Ago

TWO honder year ago, de worl' is party slow  
Even folk upon dis contree 's not so  
smart,  
Den who is travel roun' an' look out de  
pleasan' groun'

For geev' de Yankee peop' a leetle start ?  
I 'll tole you who dey were ! de beeg rough  
voyageurs,

W'it deir cousin w'at you call courreurs de bois,  
Dat 's fightin' all de tam, an' never care a dam,  
An' ev'ry wan dem feller he 's come from  
Canadaw

Baptême !

He 's comin' all de way from Canadaw.

But He watch dem, le bon Dieu, for He 's got  
some work to do,

An He won't trus' ev'ry body, no siree !  
Only full blood Canadien, lak Marquette an'  
Hennepin,  
An' w'at you t'ink of Louis Verandrye ?

## 158 Two Hundred Years Ago

On church of Bonsecours! makin' ready for  
de tour,

See dem down upon de knee, all prayin' dere—  
Wit' de paddle on de han' ev'ry good Canad-  
ien man,

An' affer dey be finish, hooraw for anyw'ere.

Yass, sir!

Dey 're ready now for goin' anyw'ere.

De nort' win' know dem well, an' de prairie  
grass can tell

How often it is trample by de ole tam botte  
sauvage—

An' grey wolf on hees den kip very quiet, w'en  
He hear dem boy a' singin' upon de long  
portage.

An' de night would fin' dem lie wit' deir faces  
on de sky,

An' de breeze would come an' w'isper on deir  
ear

'Bout de wife an' sweetheart dere on Sorel an'  
Trois Rivieres

Dey may never leev' to see anoder year,  
Dat 's true,

Dey may never leev' to kiss anoder year.

An' you 'll know de place dey go, from de  
canyon down below,

Or de mountain wit' hees nose above de cloud,

## Two Hundred Years Ago 159

De lake among de hill, w'ere de grizzly drink  
hees fill

Or de rapid on de reever roarin' loud;  
Ax de wil' deer if de flash of de ole Tree  
Reever sash

He don't see it on de woods of Illinois  
An' de musk ox as he go, w'ere de camp fire  
melt de snow,

De smell he still remember of tabac Canadien  
Ha! Ha!

It 's hard forgettin' smell of tabac Canadien!

So, ma frien', de Yankee man, he mus' try an'  
understan'

W'en he holler for dat flag de Star an'  
Stripe,

If he 's leetle win' still lef', an' no danger hurt  
hese'f,

Den he better geev' anoder cheer, ba cripe!  
For de flag of la belle France, dat show de way  
across

From Louisbourg to Florida an' back;  
So raise it ev'ryw'ere, lak' de ole tam voy-  
ageurs,

W'en you hear of de la Salle an' Cadillac—  
Hooraw!

For de flag of de la Salle an' Cadillac.







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